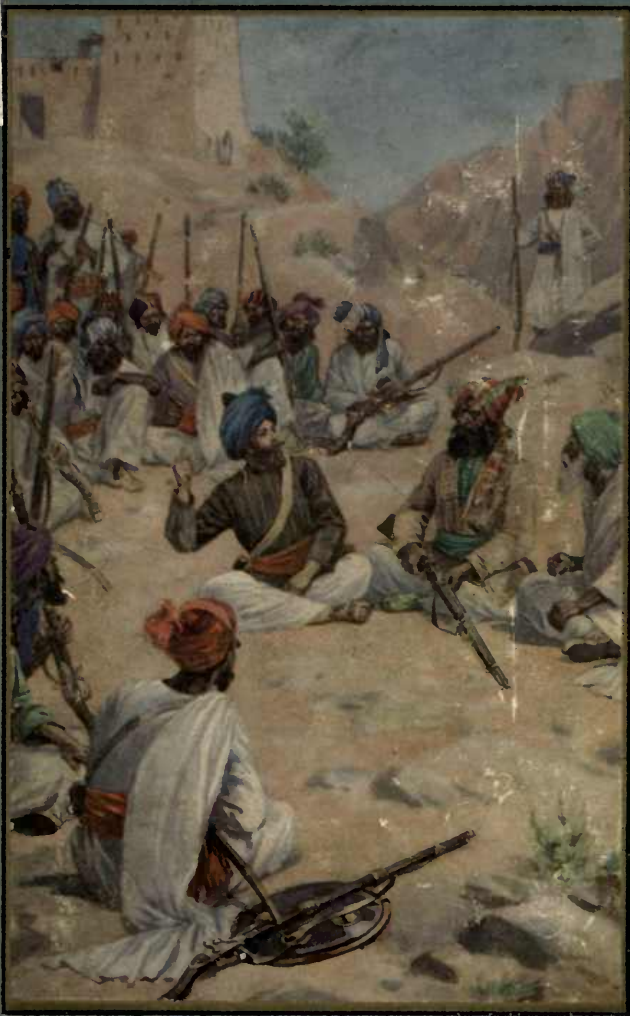


A HERO OF THE GHAN FRONTIER PENNELL'S LIFE FOR BOYS

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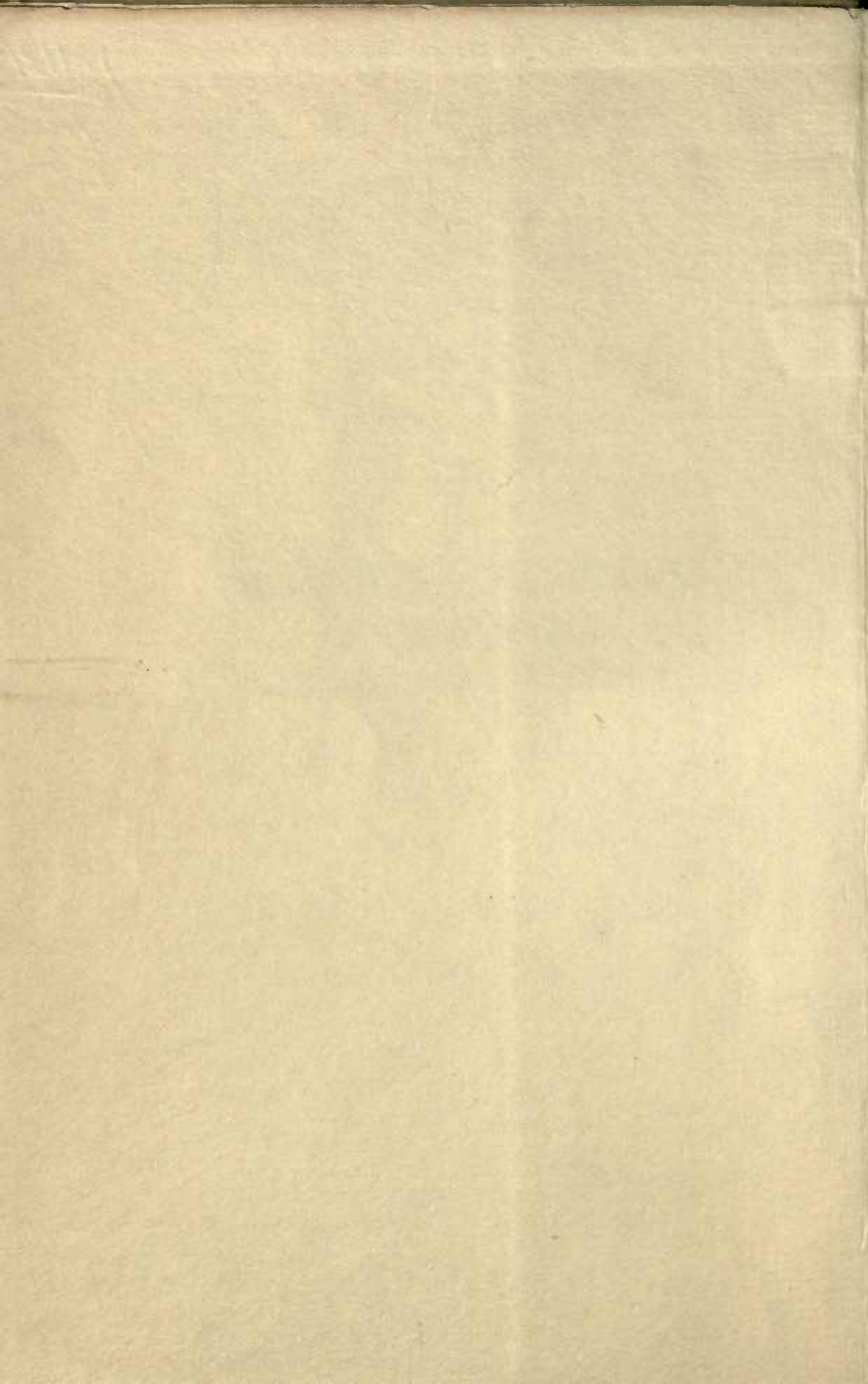
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, AND COLLEGE DAYS . . .	PAGE 17
--	------------

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA	29
-------------------------------	----

CHAPTER III

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION	45
------------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION (<i>continued</i>)	53
---	----

CHAPTER V

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS	63
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI

CAMPING OUT	73
-----------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

KASHMIR	85
-------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII

THE SADHU JOURNEY	103
-----------------------------	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER IX

	PAGE
THE SADHU JOURNEY (<i>continued</i>)	121

CHAPTER X

THE FOOTBALL TOUR	133
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XI

HOSPITAL PATIENTS	145
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII

BORDER TALES	159
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII

HOSPITAL PATIENTS (<i>continued</i>)	171
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE—GHAZIS	189
--	-----

CHAPTER XV

DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER	203
---------------------------------	-----

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

DR. PENNELL, CHIKKI THE ROBBER AND THE MULLAH	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
AN ESCORT OF KHYBER RIFLES	40
THE FINDING OF TAIB	58
THE BANNU FOOTBALL TEAM	70
STARTING ON THE SADHU JOURNEY	70
A ROPE BRIDGE	94
A SADHU	126
A DONGA	140
THE INDUS RIVER	154
FERRYING ACROSS THE INDUS	154
DR. T. L. PENNELL	174

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, AND COLLEGE DAYS

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, AND COLLEGE DAYS

THERE are not many families that can look back upon such a long and unbroken line as that of the Pennells. The family belonged originally to Cornwall, and dates back before the time of William the Conqueror, and they afterwards settled in Devonshire. Many of his ancestors made their mark in the world, holding high positions under Government.

Among the girls chief interest is attached to Rosamund, known as "the beautiful Miss Croker." She was celebrated for her beauty, and her portrait, at the age of seventeen, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, is a well-known picture.

Augustus Frederick Pennell, one of her brothers, married Harriet Roberts, whose brother was General Sir Abraham Roberts, the father of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., so that Dr. Pennell was not distantly related to one of our greatest soldiers.

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

Theodore Leighton Pennell's father was a student of Guy's Hospital, London, where his son followed in his footsteps, and distinguished himself by winning the Gold Medal of London University in the M.B. examination in Medicine.

Dr. Pennell, the father, married Miss E. F. Jordan. They had two children, a boy and a girl, but the girl died in infancy. Theodore Leighton was born in 1867 at Clifton, an out-lying suburb of Bristol.

During his childhood Theodore Leighton was very delicate. One of his chief amusements was to illustrate the books of travel and adventure which he had read, on sheets of blank wall-paper. He then invited his special friends to hear the story and to exhibit his pictures with great pride.

On account of his delicate health he was prevented from joining in many of the games of his friends, and, under the tuition of his mother, who herself was a great student, he read almost any book which fell into his hands, and showed a greater inclination towards scientific pursuits than is usual in the ordinary boy. This habit was fostered by his grandfather, Swinfen Jordan, who was an enthusiastic naturalist. The result of their united efforts was a collection of botanical and geological specimens which was afterwards

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

presented to the Bristol Museum. Theodore had a quick brain and a good memory, and could grasp a subject in half the time that other boys required, and this enabled him to outdistance his fellows.

Owing to the state of his health, his mother decided to leave London and live at Eastbourne, where he became a day boy at the college there.

One of his recreations was to go out in a rowing or sailing boat for hours at a time with only a boatman as a companion. After the age of fourteen his health improved considerably, and in the course of the next two or three years he attained his full stature and gained the vigour and vitality that was so strong a characteristic.

A friend has given this interesting description of his personal appearance :

Standing well over six feet, he carried his inches so easily that one scarcely noticed his height. Well-proportioned, spare, and yet muscular as he was, his quiet and gentle manner gave one but little indication that he was in the presence of a man of special distinction. Though at all times a striking figure, it was when dressed in the yellow flowing garb of an Indian Sadhu, or even the more picturesque costume of a wild

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

Pathan, that Dr. Pennell was seen at his best. This impression was not at all marred by his wearing glasses, for his aquiline features, clear blue-grey penetrating eyes, and firm mouth completed a picture as striking as it was characteristic.

In 1884 he matriculated at University College, London, and perseverance, application, and natural aptitude of grappling with mental difficulties enabled him to pass all his examinations with honours, winning scholarships and gold medals, and ending a distinguished academical career with the degrees of M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S.

In 1890 he offered his services to the Church Missionary Society.

His brilliant mental attainments enabled him to acquire knowledge with much less labour and cost of time than is the case with most students. This allowed him to devote much spare time to other pursuits. He originated the Working Lads' Institute and entered into their interests and circumstances with the whole-heartedness which characterised everything he undertook. He took them to the Broads, where they lived on the waters in wherries, having a delightful time sailing, fishing, and swimming.

Their water sports were varied with "hare

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

and hounds ” and other games. A paper-chase they had on one of these excursions on the Norfolk Broads he writes of like this :

“ Kendrick and I were hares, Foster was huntsman, Mould was ‘ whipper-in,’ Goffe, Chiddell and fifteen boys ran. We ran round the Mere, and over the Dyke at the first bridge, but there we got entangled in the Dyke, enabling the hounds almost to catch us up, so that it was a neck and neck race through Hickling village, with the hounds close upon us. Here we turned homewards, and after covering about a mile, were caught by Foster, with Sharp and Shadbolt close upon him. Five of us made our way homewards by easy stages, and completed a ten-mile run in little over two hours.”

In later years at Bannu, Dr. Pennell often had similar “ chases ” with his Pathan boys, and great were the rejoicings when he announced that such an event would take place. The fastest runners, who were to be hares, would come up to the house the day before to tear up paper and fill their bags, and then in secret conclave would decide their route. Fortunately for them the neighbourhood abounded in streams, and so they were able to give the hounds the

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

slip time and again. The villagers being familiar with raiders and their ways, were often hard put to it to understand why these runners were so foolish as to leave a trail behind them. In Bannu very careful arrangements had to be made to keep the boys under surveillance all the time, as otherwise use might have been made of this opportunity for the favourite border pleasantries of kidnapping, and Dr. Pennell was able to secure the hearty co-operation of his masters in this, as in all his schemes.

One summer he took thirty-eight boys from the Working Lads' Institute and three friends to Yarmouth. They started from London Bridge by steamer. As the wind had entirely dropped they had to stop the night at Yarmouth. Next morning, at 3 a.m., they set out in three wherries, the *Jenny Morgan*, the *Faith*, and *Britannia*. They stopped at Runham for the day, to give them an opportunity of attending church. Dr. Pennell was always very anxious that Sunday should not be a depressing day for young people robbed of all innocent pleasures, and on this occasion they spent the afternoon in bathing in the river. The next day was spent at St. Benet's Abbey, and a concert occupied the evening. Potter Heigham and Horsey Mere

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

were visited, and much time passed in bathing in the sea or rowing on the Mere. One day a paper-chase was organised to give variety to the boys' pleasures, and moth and butterfly catching, cricket matches and regattas added to the list of their enjoyments. Pleasant little trips were made to Hickling, Acle, and Yarmouth, and then they left by the *Philomel* for London.

Another time he took the boys to Wroxham Broad on wherries. Each wherry had a rowing and a sailing boat, so their boating experiences were many and varied. One Sunday they all went to church at Woodbastwich, where the aged sexton caused much amusement by going to every pew to inform the people that "Forty boys—poor boys—from London were present!" On this excursion they visited different broads, had every kind of water sport possible, and, to add to their pleasure, Dr. Pennell enlisted the help of his mother and cousin to entertain them, in addition to several of his men friends. One night they had a mock trial on his wherry, the boys thoroughly enjoying and entering into the spirit of the game. Another evening Mrs. Croker Pennell gave a tea-party followed by a concert in a barn at Horsey, to which all the villagers came. The Squire of the village,

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

Admiral Rising, was most kind and hospitable to the boys, allowing them to fish in his private mere, and inviting them to tea at his own house. Even after Dr. Pennell had left for India, the Admiral still kept up his interest in these boys and invited them another year to his place, showing them great kindness.

The excursion to the Broads was brought to an end after a delightful series of sports, including a rowing race, a swimming race, and a tub race with barrels, the last event proving a fruitful source of scratches. Starting from Meadow Dyke at five one morning, the party breakfasted at Kendal Dyke, rowed on by Womack Dyke, Acle, and then stopped at Runham for the night. Some of the boys started to walk to Yarmouth, which they only reached at midnight, and so slept in a shelter on the parade, where their party found them next morning.

When Dr. Pennell (as he now became, after passing all his medical examinations) decided to go to India as a missionary, he told his boys at the Working Lads' Club all about the new country he was going to, and interested them in mission work, with magic lantern pictures, and by showing them curiosities from foreign countries.

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

He spent much time getting quite ready to be useful in his new work, as he thought a missionary must be skilful and able to do everything well; he took special courses in certain subjects, and then he began learning the new languages of the country to which he was going, for, of course, the people on the North-West Frontier of India where Dr. Pennell expected to go did not know any but their own languages. Some of them speak Pushtu, and these are Afghans or Pathans, some only know Persian, some cannot understand a word of anything but Punjabi; so Dr. Pennell was very busy getting ready.

Then in October, 1892, he and his mother, Mrs. Croker Pennell, said good-bye to all their friends and sailed for this new country, full of enthusiasm and hope.

Neither Mrs. Croker Pennell nor Dr. Pennell were very strong, and it was thought they ought to be sent to a healthy place, but as they were both very brave and had great faith, they made no complaint when the place to which they were finally sent turned out to be one of the places on the Frontier where fever and cholera often come in epidemics and carry off numbers of people.

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, & COLLEGE DAYS

Both Dr. Pennell and his mother had a strong feeling that missionaries should be like obedient soldiers, going to any place where they are sent. It never seemed right to them to refuse to obey an order. If a soldier can obey unquestioningly, a missionary can scarcely be behind him in ready obedience !

CHAPTER II
EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

ARRIVAL — PATHANS — VILLAGE DOCTORING —
MAGIC LANTERN UNDER DIFFICULTIES —
CAMELS AS STEEDS — RISKS — MODES OF
TRAVEL

THE boat that brought them out touched at Bombay on the west coast of India, and, without landing at this beautiful town, they changed into a boat for Karachi, which is farther north, and nearer the Frontier.

The very first day they landed Dr. Pennell began his work by treating a sick child. And this was an omen for all his days in India, for he spent all the twenty years in constant work, healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, and preaching the gospel—thus following in the steps of One whom he wished by his life to show to the people.

The first place Dr. Pennell worked in was

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

called Dera Ismail Khan, and here he stayed a year, after which he went to Bannu. The people of this part of India are called Pathans, that is Afghans who live in British India. They are fine, strong men, very like Jews in features. They make splendid soldiers, and many of the Indian regiments have companies of these Pathans. They are all divided up into tribes, and these tribes are generally at war with each other, and not only so, but sometimes one set of families in a tribe is at war with another set in the same tribe, or even in one family one brother is at war with another. In fact the Pathan is never happy except when he is fighting.

And as he is a very wild kind of man his fighting is not always on civilised lines. He is as a rule cruel to his enemy, and offences that in English countries are taken to the law courts, meet with rough justice from the Pathans; sometimes they cut off their enemy's nose, or foot, or even his head.

As they are always at war with each other, it is not safe for them to go about unarmed; they all carry guns and daggers. Some of their guns are very old-fashioned. They have gun factories in their own mountains, and here they make their weapons.

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

When a young man grows up and gets any money, either by earning or stealing it, his very first thought is to possess a gun.

If he has enough money he will buy a revolver, and a gun as well, if possible one made in England or on the Continent; if not, he has to be content with a home-made one.

But he is not at the end of his resources, for he has never learnt that stealing is wrong. He looks upon it as a sign of skill to be able to steal and not be caught, so some dark night he creeps along very quietly to the nearest regimental lines, and, having got into the gun-room or an officer's tent, he is very soon the richer by one or more guns. Sometimes he is caught, of course, but sometimes he gets off with his booty. While he is stealing he has no scruples about taking life, for murder, in his opinion, is quite justifiable under any circumstances, when the murderer is himself and the murdered man someone whom he considers an enemy. So, if anyone gives an alarm or tries to prevent his stealing, as likely as not he may be knifed or shot.

Though the Pathans are all brought up with the idea that stealing is quite a splendid profession, and killing their enemies only part

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

of a man's business, yet they have many good qualities.

They are very brave and manly, and affectionate to their children, and, as a rule, loyal to their friends. One quality that makes them attractive is their sense of humour. A Pathan loves a joke, and often one can turn the edge of his wrath by appealing to his sense of fun.

Dr. Pennell soon became great friends with these people, and learnt to know all their little peculiarities.

He got so familiar with them that he could travel all over their country, across the Border too, quite unarmed, without being hurt. At first, of course, it was very dangerous for him to do this, as the Pathans are bigoted Muhammadans, and their Mullahs (or priests) teach them that if they kill a Christian, they are sure to go to Paradise.

But Dr. Pennell did not know what it was to be afraid, and so he went among them as unconcernedly as if he were walking or riding out in a country lane in England.

He used to take a couple of medicine chests on the back of a donkey, and then with an assistant or two he would go out into the villages. Very soon a large crowd of people would collect

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

round him with their sick and maimed, and halt and blind; and then he would preach to them, telling them the story of Jesus who lived on earth and healed the sick. After this he would treat all those who needed his help.

Very often the bigoted Mullahs or priests would make a great fuss and forbid the people to listen to his teaching or take his medicine. And then sometimes he would be stoned and driven out of the village.

But he did not mind, and very soon would seize an opportunity to return.

Dr. Pennell describes one incident when he went to a village and began to show his magic lantern, soon after he had arrived in Bannu.

“At night a great crowd collected to see the magic lantern, but they had been told that ‘the pictures would bewitch them,’ so at the third picture the Muhammadans all suddenly made a rush and scrambled for the door, leaving only the Hindus, our host, and his friends. They then began throwing clods of earth and stones from outside; but we did not stop, as we had no mind to submit to the tyranny of the Mullahs, and the lantern fortunately was not hit. Afterwards we went to sit in the *Chaūk*, or village

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

meeting-place, but those outside began throwing stones again. Our host and his men then armed for a fight, to avoid which we retired to the *Patwarkhana* (the Revenue Office) and passed the night there. The Mullahs, however, made it so uncomfortable for our host that he was forced to escape in the middle of the night ; and next morning, being unable to hear anything of him, we had to start off to Bannu without breakfast. The sale of some *Gurmukhi* Testaments to the Hindus was at any rate some solace to us."

Another time he was in the Karak district in the Salt Range country. Here the priests were very bigoted. An account of a visit to these people is written by Dr. Pennell :

"Early one morning I began seeing patients, and after treating forty of them I began to speak on the benedictions in Matthew v., after which Jahan Khan repeated the gist of my remarks for their better understanding. Before, however, he had got very far, the Mullahs present said they had come for medicine and not to hear such misguided teaching. On my pointing out that it was our rule to carry out the Biblical injunction of healing the sick and

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

preaching the gospel, they said they would prefer going without medicine if it had to be accompanied by preaching. On my refusing to omit the preaching the Mullahs drove the people away. Some Muhammadans, however, loudly protested that they were ill, and were not going to lose this opportunity of being cured. The Mullahs, however, drove them away with sticks, telling them that all sorts of vile stuff, such as wine and swine's blood, were mixed with our medicines, which would make them Christians willy-nilly, and that it was better to remain blind or sick than to get cured at the expense of polluting their faith. They shut the yard gate of the small *Patwarkhana* from the outside, and set a guard on it, letting in, however, about twenty Hindus for medicine, as they had no authority over these men. Seeing how far from welcome we were, we thought it useless to stop, and therefore saddled the asses and left for Latambar."

Sometimes, instead of a donkey he had a camel; and he and an assistant would ride. The Indus River, which is full of quicksands, had to be crossed on one such journey. Dr. Pennell and his assistant, Sahib Khan, were

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

travelling together. They had an exciting time, of which he writes :

“ We reached the Kurram River at Khuglanwala at 5.40, just after sunset, both of us riding the camel—Sahib Khan sitting in front of me. Here the bed is wide and sandy, but as it did not appear difficult we resolved to cross. It became too dark to see the tracks before we had got right across, and we must have missed the ford, for when within four yards of the opposite bank, just as I was remarking that all the difficulties were now over, Sahib Khan called out that one of the camel's fore-feet was sinking in the sand. Urging only made it sink the deeper, so Sahib Khan jumped off into the river ; but as this did not help matters and the camel's nose-string broke, I also got off. As quickly as possible we bundled all the things on to the opposite shore, but the camel still remained immovable. Sahib Khan went on to Khuglanwala for assistance, and in half an hour returned with two Maliks, or village headmen, and about thirty men. It was now quite dark, but they lit a fire on the bank and worked hard for two and a half hours to extricate the camel, all to no purpose. Then they sent to the

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

village for spades, while the shivering men, who had got very wet in the cold water, tried to warm themselves at the fire. After twenty minutes' hard work with the spades the camel was liberated, to the delight of all; but instead of showing its gratitude, as soon as it got to land it lumbered off into the darkness, and though the men ran after it, it could not be found anywhere. I rewarded the shivering men, and we all went off to a *Powindah Kyrie*, or camping-place, to warm ourselves at a most welcome fire which the men had made, and round which we dried our things. Sahib Khan, who had been working with heroic energy in the cold water, was shivering like an aspen leaf. As it was now 10 p.m., I had to leave him in charge of the *Powindahs*, telling them to warm him well by the fire, give him dry things, and to try and find the camel by daylight. I told Sahib Khan to follow on the camel when he had recovered it, and then loading two stalwart Afghans with my baggage I started on foot for Kundal, which we reached at 11.30 p.m. Here we woke up the *Nambardar*, and by 12.30 he had given us two men for the luggage and a pony for myself. We reached the Indus at 2 a.m. after some difficulty,

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

as it was very dark and there was no road, and then we proceeded to wake up the ferrymen living on the bank. At first they said no one ever would or could cross by night, but after some persuasion four willing men were found, and we started. We had to ford the Kurram again just at its outlet into the Indus, the water here coming up to the pony's saddle, and we then all got aboard one of the boats. Shortly after starting we ran on to a sandbank and were delayed for nearly an hour, the men complaining much of the cold wind; but at last we got safely across by 4 a.m. We then made for Kundian, and my guides must have missed the way, for we made a long detour, the result being that dawn broke while we were still eight miles from Kundian; and when still about four miles away I heard the whistle of the train coming into the station. As I knew that the train stopped at Kundian for half an hour, I urged the pony to a gallop for the rest of the way, but in parts the sand was so heavy that it could only do a slow trot. However, I got past Kundian village, but alas! was within two hundred yards of the station as the train steamed out. When I lamented the fact to the station-master, he cheerfully remarked,

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

‘Well, this is most providential, as now you will have time to see my wife, who is very ill.’ ”

As he was coming back from one excursion, Dr. Pennell had a narrow escape from some raiders. He tells how he met them :

“Three men met me just as darkness fell, and in reply to my ‘Salaam alaikum’ returned, ‘Wa alaikum salaam! Ta Feringhi ye!’ (‘Peace be unto you!’ ‘To you peace. You are a foreigner!’) Two were Waziris and the third a Bannu priest, and they were going to Esa Kheyl on a marauding expedition. The two Waziris suggested: ‘Let us kill him and make sure of Paradise, for he is an unbeliever.’ But the Mullah restrained them, saying: ‘No, he is working for the good of the people, and cures the sick. His blood is not lawful.’ So they passed on, and I knew nothing of it till two months later. Truly the Lord protecteth us at all times.”

It is worthy of note that these men later claimed Dr. Pennell’s gratitude, as they said he owed them his life, seeing they had not killed him when they so easily might have done so.

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

Dr. Pennell had many modes of travelling about the district—sometimes in a country cart something like a primitive dog-cart, called a *tum-tum*; sometimes in a *tonga*, which is somewhat similar, only lower and more roomy; or in an *ekka*, which is practically only a square platform slung over the narrow ends of two converging poles, the pony being harnessed between the wider ends.

One of his favourite modes of saving time was to travel all night after a busy day's work in one place, so as to arrive at the next place in time for the work of the following day. This custom of his had taught him to sleep in almost any position when travelling. In a *tonga* he generally slept sitting upright, with his long legs curled over the luggage; in a *tum-tum* he found it less risky to sleep in the net under the seats, his head at the driver's feet and his feet sticking out over the footboard at the back; and as the driver generally kept the horse's grass in this net, he found it a very comfortable bed! An *ekka* did not afford such good sleeping accommodation, so he would unwind his turban, and, plaiting it about the poles of the awning, would draw his knees up to his chin, and thus leaning against the back-rest made by his

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

paggri, or turban, would sleep peacefully until his journey's end.

Many of his journeys were of necessity on horseback. One hot weather he had been working hard all day, and late at night started on his horse for one of his out-stations. A good part of the way was uphill, and he was very sleepy. His horse knew the way well, so he had very little to do but keep his seat. As the journey continued, to his great wonder he noticed the horse's neck growing longer and longer. Memories of *Alice in Wonderland* made this phenomenon seem not unduly out of the way. But as the ascent got steeper, the length of the horse's neck seemed to increase in proportion, whenever he looked at it ; still he was not disturbed, till, quite suddenly, he found himself seated on the ground with the whole length of the horse in front of him. This sudden descent having completely roused him, he found on investigation that the saddle girths had been slack, and the angle of his ascent, plus the force of gravity, had caused his gradual decline !

CHAPTER III
CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

CHAPTER III

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

JAHAN KHAN—QAZI ABDUL KARIM

ALL Pathans are Muhammadans—that is, they believe in one God, and Muhammad as the Prophet of God. Their holy book is the Quran, which is written in Arabic. Their priests are called Mullahs, and as they consider people of any religion but their own unbelievers, they think it is lawful to kill them—indeed, the murder of an unbeliever is thought to be a passport to Paradise.

Naturally, any Muhammadan who becomes a Christian is subjected to great persecution.

An Afghan merchant who was travelling with his son was brought into the mission hospital at the point of death.

Disappointed of immediate recovery, he insisted on being taken to a potent shrine at Sakki Sarwar, but this hope also proved vain, and he died, leaving his boy to the care of some Muhammadans. When Dr. Pennell was wishing

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

to engage a Pushtu-speaking servant this youth was recommended to him. For some months Jahan Khan was very careful not to become too friendly with the Feringi Sahib whom he served, and would scarce touch his hand lest contact should lead to conversion; but a desire to learn Urdu was the means of first introducing him to the New Testament, and before very long he asked to be baptized. So great was the rage of his relatives and friends, that he immediately became an object of persecution. Several attempts were made upon his life, of which Dr. Pennell records the following :

“ One summer afternoon I was keeping my dictionary company on the veranda of the house at Sheikh Budin, when I became conscious of distant shouts of ‘ My Doctor Sahib— Doctor Sahib ! ’ coming up the hill. At first I scarcely appreciated its import, but when it was continued I hastily ran down the hill, and found him seized by three Pathans, two of whom had pinioned his arms, while the third had wound Jahan Khan’s puggari tightly round his neck to strangle him ! ”

He was the first-fruit of Dr. Pennell’s work amongst his beloved Afghans, and showed his

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

devotion throughout life. After his conversion he was very anxious to preach the gospel to his own people, and in spite of the danger he ran, he returned to Afghanistan with copies of the New Testament sewn up in his Pathan pyjamas.

Jahan Khan has been in the Afghan Medical Mission ever since, except for a short time when he joined the Medical Mission at Bahrein on the Persian Gulf.

He shared many of Dr. Pennell's journeys, and soon learned how to doctor the patients and do operations.

Later on he was put in charge of the Medical Mission at Karak, where he had shared Dr. Pennell's trials in earlier days, when they were stoned, refused food or shelter, and given to understand plainly that their lives would not be safe if they stayed.

However, after a fair number of patients had been treated, and many taken to the hospital at Bannu and tended and healed of their sickness, the people began to be friendly, and now they come to Jahan Khan in all their troubles, and regard him as one of their greatest friends.

Once some fanatical Muhammadans hired a professional assassin to shoot Jahan Khan. The

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

assassin, however, was an old patient, and had only friendly feelings towards the Christian doctor who had helped him to get well, so instead of shooting Jahan he came to warn him. Jahan Khan then called for the men who had wished to have him murdered, and reasoned with them, and when they said they were sorry he freely forgave them and changed them from enemies into staunch friends.

A *qazi* is a man who is allowed to practise Muhammadan law, and act as a judge in all cases that are decided under their religion. Abdul Karim was of a good family, and learned in the holy book of the Muhammadans, and in their law and literature.

He had travelled a great deal, and held posts of honour in Quetta and Kandahar. Then he became a Christian, and had to face many dangers and persecutions.

After many changes and vicissitudes, he came to Bannu after a voluntary tramp, when he had suffered great privations for the name of Christ. He was ill and in trouble; in Bannu he was nursed back to health.

Then he had a great longing to go back and preach to his own people, so in the summer of 1907 he went to Afghanistan.

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

As soon as he crossed the Frontier he was seized by Afghan soldiers, who brought him before the Governor of Kandahar.

The Governor, a strict Muhammadan, tried to make him give up his religion and return to Muhammadanism, offering him all kinds of bribes ; but Abdul Karim was true to his faith, and refused.

Then he was cast into prison with 80 lbs. of chains on him.

From Kandahar he was made to march to Kabul loaded with chains, with a bit and bridle in his mouth, every Muhammadan who met him being allowed to smite him on the cheek and pluck a hair from his beard.

After several weeks he was released, but on his way back to India he was again seized by Muhammadans and taken to a mosque to repeat their *Kalimah* or creed : "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Prophet of God." Abdul Karim refused to repeat this, and then they cut off his right arm ; still he stood firm, and his left arm was cut off. On his still refusing to deny Christ and accept Muhammadanism they cut off his head.

Such was Abdul Karim, faithful unto death.

CHAPTER IV

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION (*continued*)

CHAPTER IV

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION (*continued*)

TAIB KHAN AND SAID BADSHAH

ANOTHER convert, but one who has since gone back to his old faith, was Taib Khan. He was learning to be a Muhammadan priest, and when he was about fifteen he was sent out by his tutor to travel about the country and learn from other Mullahs. In the course of his journeys he came to Bannu, where he heard Dr. Pennell and his assistant preaching in the bazaar. He became a frequent attendant, at first from curiosity, and later because he was really interested in the story of the gospel. Then he came and stayed in the Mission at his own request, and was instructed. He soon asked for baptism, and after a period of probation was received into the Church. Of course he endured a great deal of persecution, but he was fearless, and it did not move him. His

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

old friends the priests and talibs (or pupils) came to torment or entreat him, but it was useless. Taib Khan accompanied Dr. Pennell on a long tour in the district, and bravely showed his colours wherever he went.

Then came a new trial, and Taib Khan's Pathan sense of honour being worked upon, he was induced to go off with some of his relations, who persuaded him that it was a question of honour or *sharm* (literally, "shame"), than which nothing appeals more to a Pathan.

Dr. Pennell heard only in the morning that Taib had disappeared in the night. Taib's captors had at least eight hours' start, but Dr. Pennell went after him in the first vehicle he could get. This was a rough country cart, and the little pony could only do thirty-five miles. And Taib Khan had not yet been found. Dr. Pennell was wondering how he was to get on: it was midnight, the next posting stage was eleven miles distant, and not a pony or conveyance was to be had in the little village of Kurram where they had stopped. Then suddenly the familiar hoot of the mail coachman's horn was heard, and by great good fortune there were two empty seats in the mail tonga, so Dr. Pennell and his companion jumped

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

in and drove on to Banda. Here Dr. Pennell thought he might find his boy, so he went straight to the mosque, the natural place for strangers in this country. Thirteen forms covered from head to foot in sheets were stretched side by side on the ground. Very carefully one sheet after another was raised from the sleeper's faces, and the thirteenth and last proved to be Taib Khan. Dr. Pennell said, "Will you come back to Bannu with me?" "Yes, Sahib," he answered, and putting on his turban came silently away. They walked back the eleven miles to Kurram, got on to the pony cart, and drove back to Bannu.

Taib Khan stayed on and worked in the mission, and through him his old Mullah or Muhammadan priest came to believe in Christ.

The Mullah first came as a patient, and then gradually was attracted by the story of the gospel. The Sermon on the Mount entranced him, and he would read the Bible by the hour. He came to live in the Mission compound, and very rapidly absorbed and accepted the teaching he got there, being an ardent student of the Bible. Of course he suffered great persecution; in the bazaars he was abused, spat upon, even struck, but he had taken the yoke of the humble

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

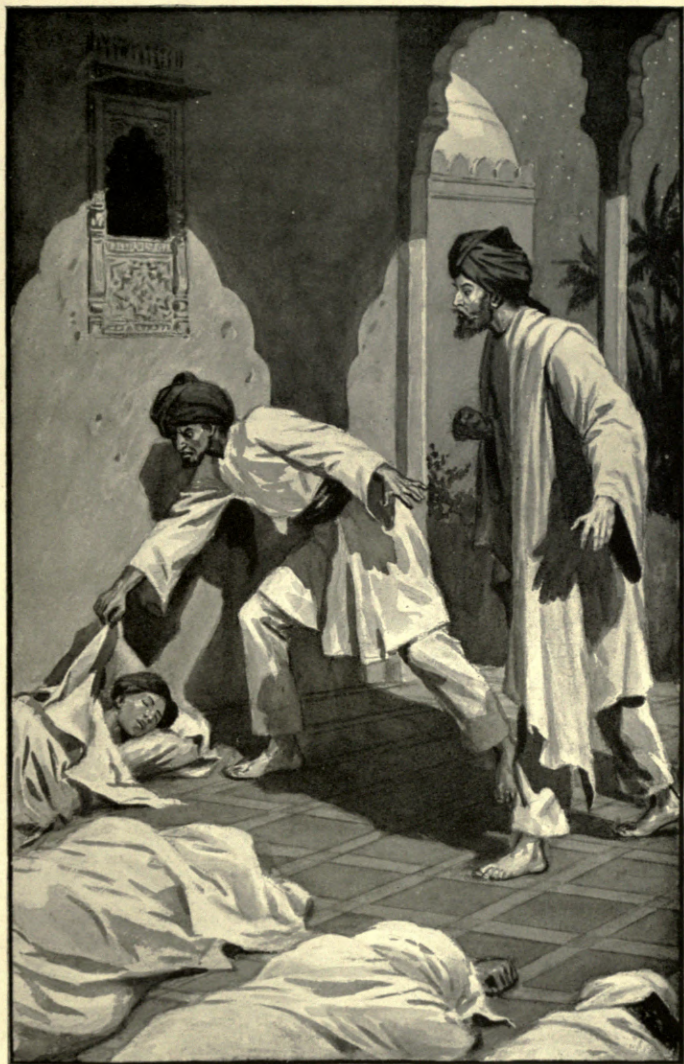
Son of God upon him, and he never retaliated, though to his Pathan spirit this must have been extremely hard.

The fact that he was of the tribe that claims descent from the prophet Muhammad made his conversion specially distasteful to the people, and Said Badshah, as he was called, was subjected to every possible kind of ill-usage and his life threatened; but, instead of alarming him, these warnings seemed only to add to his enthusiasm, and, far from hiding his light under a bushel, he seemed to take a delight in proclaiming himself a Christian.

One morning an Afghan dagger was found outside his door, as a sign of what was waiting for him.

Dr. Pennell then had him to sleep near Jahan Khan; it was the summer, and all the men-folk were sleeping out in the open. One night Dr. Pennell heard a shot, and rushing instinctively to Said Badshah, found that he had been shot through the body. Everything was done to try to save him, but alas! he could not be saved, and that evening he died, his last words being, "O Lord Jesus, I am Thy servant!"

Even in the short time he had been a Christian he had influenced many for good,



THE FINDING OF TAIB

Thirteen men were stretched on the ground fast asleep covered with their chedars. By the light of the moon the sheet was removed from the face of each, and the last one was Taib himself.

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

and another Mullah had, through him, come to believe on Christ.

Taib Khan worked well for a time and then became restless. There were many attractions for him in his own village, and his people were not slow or forgetful to put them before him in the most tempting light. The day came when he became violently home-sick, and begged for a month's leave. Dr. Pennell was very loth to give it, but it was no use refusing, so he was told he could go home, and if he did not come back when the month was ended Dr. Pennell would himself come and fetch him.

So he went, but, alas ! when the month was over no Taib Khan appeared, so Dr. Pennell went after his straying sheep, taking an Afghan convert with him.

They had to go north by train and then walk a distance of seventeen miles, and a terrible tropical thunderstorm came on. In a few minutes all the watercourses were filled, and what had been dry river-beds before could scarcely be crossed, the water being up to the armpits.

However, nothing deterred Dr. Pennell, and in spite of every difficulty he forded the river and reached the little village drenched to the

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

skin. The villagers were kind and hospitable, gave them milk and bread, and dried their clothes, but no trace of Taib Khan could be found, and with a sad heart Dr. Pennell returned home.

A fortnight later he heard of him again, and, taking another convert with him, Dr. Pennell set off again. But this time they were much more cautious, and went warily. They made for the well of a neighbouring village, and while Dr. Pennell sat down by it, his companion went into Taib Khan's village to reconnoitre.

But alas ! it was soon obvious that Taib was in hiding or being hidden, and no news could be obtained of him, so Dr. Pennell made as though he was returning to Bannu ; but when he and his companion had gone a little way, Dr. Pennell himself returned, binding his turban across his face in the manner of every Pathan who sets out on a secret quest. His *lungi* or shawl covered him well, and he came back to Laida, searching one mosque after another for Taib. Finally he discovered him sitting with some priests, and knowing that he was safely there, Dr. Pennell went off to the chief of the village, and, telling him that he believed Taib was being kept against his will, asked him to

CONVERTS AND PERSECUTION

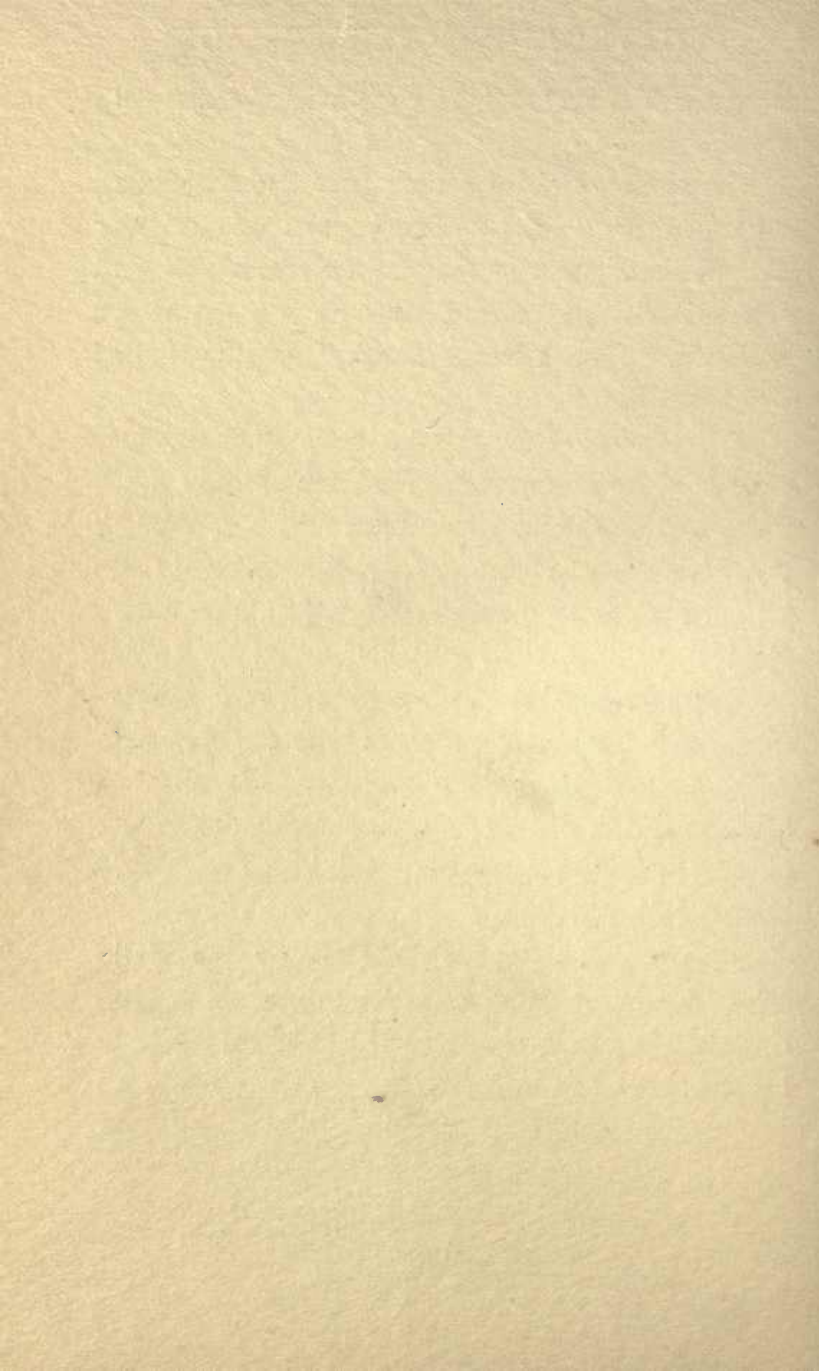
send for him and ask if he wished to return with Dr. Pennell.

The chief, who was very friendly, consented, and sent for Taib. When he arrived and saw Dr. Pennell we was very much ashamed, and immediately announced that he wanted to go with the "Bannu Padre Sahib," as they called Dr. Pennell.

Of course the priests were furious, and raised a great uproar. But fortunately both Taib and the chief were firm, and Dr. Pennell got him away, the chief kindly detaining the villagers so as to give Dr. Pennell half an hour's start.

Some years after, Taib again fell into temptation, and his friends now poisoned his mind with foolish doubts. Gradually he adopted Muhammadan customs, trying to reconcile the two religions in himself, thinking he could belong to both.

Dr. Pennell always hoped that the day would come when he would return; and also that the teaching he had received would help him to bring others to the light.



CHAPTER V
BANNU SCHOOL BOYS

CHAPTER V

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

THOUGH Pathans are good at games, they do not shine at lessons.

For centuries it has been thought enough for a young Pathan—a *Jawan*, as they call a youth—to be able to shoot straight, ride well, and say a few prayers from the Quran.

Reading and writing were left to those who were priests or who for other reasons were not able to fight. But now they are beginning to think more of education.

Besides Muhammadans there are numbers of Hindu boys in the school, mostly sons of merchants and shopkeepers.

India, in spite of her old aristocracy, is a very democratic country, and side by side in the same class one finds the son of a chief and the labourer's child, or the Brahman boy and an outcast.

The Hindus are much keener on education

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

than the Muhammadans, and begin attending the mission school at an earlier age, the Muhammadan boy having first to read the Quran with a Mullah.

As the desire for education has spread, many of the khans or chiefs are persuaded to send their boys to school. And where no Government pressure is brought to bear on them, they always prefer the mission schools to the others, for though their sons run the risk of becoming Christians, at least they feel they are given a sound moral training, and if they go through school without changing their religion, everything is done to make them punctilious in their own religious observances. Dr. Pennell was always careful to encourage his Hindu and Muhammadan boys to say their daily prayers in their own way.

In the Mission school the day's work is begun with the reading of a short portion of Scripture and the Lord's Prayer, all the boys being present, and each class has its daily lesson in Scripture. The school has two hostels, where boys whose homes are outside Bannu may live. Every Sunday evening saw these boys gathered together in Dr. Pennell's bungalow, where they sang hymns in English, Urdu, and Panjabi;

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS.

and these evenings were much prized by the Bannu boys.

Adjoining the hostels is a swimming tank which at one time used to be used for the punishment of the slothful; a boy who had overslept himself being flung in, a proceeding that had the effect of waking him thoroughly!

But the swimming tank is also greatly resorted to during the summer, and great contests take place there in swimming and diving. Water polo was also a great feature of the school sports.

Pathans make splendid football players; cricket is too slow for them, and perhaps too scientific. At gymnastics too they are generally good, and Dr. Pennell soon decided that athletics and sports were of great importance in training the character of the young Afghan. As there were no qualified instructors in Bannu, he himself passed an examination in physical exercises and gymnastics to fit himself to teach his boys.

Pathans have very little idea of discipline, and it is odd to hear their ideas with regard to the attitude of teachers to pupils.

Once an Afghan brought his three sons to Dr. Pennell with the request that he would admit them to his school. He evidently had some idea of the strictness of English discipline,

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

for he said, " Sahib, you may punish my boys if they are naughty, certainly punish them ! But one thing I would ask, *don't shoot them* " !

These young ruffians were so handy with knives and revolvers that they were rather alarming to their schoolmates, though their weapons were of course taken from them. They had not been long in school when it became necessary to punish them. Immediately the three disappeared, having run home, and no more was ever seen of them.

A Pathan father never understands that a boy's failure to pass a class examination prevents his being promoted. To him it is simply a matter of the exercise of that virtue which he feels he has a right to expect from all teachers, especially Christians, namely *mehrbani* or favour.

A backward youth had failed badly in the class examination and was one of the unfortunate ones left behind with his juniors. His father came to beg that he might be promoted. He entreated and besought Dr. Pennell to " show favour " to his son. But Dr. Pennell was firm, in spite of all his importunings. " Very well," said the father, " then I shall take him home and shoot him. Nothing else remains to be

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

done." Fortunately he decided to give the boy another chance on the way home.

One promising boy with a gentle face and winsome ways came to the mission school when he was only eleven. He was simple and lovable in his manners, good at his work, splendid at games, but his one desire was to go back to his own country and revenge the murders of his father and brothers ; and in spite of all the teaching he had, when he grew old enough he went on this gruesome errand.

From his earliest youth a Pathan child is brought up to think it incumbent on him to take revenge for any injuries to his relations. "A tooth for a tooth and a life for a life" is his motto, in spite of the fact that his most familiar utterance begins, "In the name of God, the most merciful——" Mercy he considers an attribute of God ; indeed a Muhammadan once said to Dr. Pennell that men were really meant to sin so that God might exercise His divine quality of mercy.

But mercy or forgiveness for a wrong done never enters a Pathan's head ; he considers any such act only a form of weakness.

A Pathan boy of three from over the Frontier, belonging to a tribe called Waziris, once came

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

to see his mother in the Mission hospital, and as he saw a strange band of nurses approaching with the doctor, he flung himself between them and his mother, saying, "Who are these people? Shall I shoot them for you?" It took him some time to believe they were friends. "But I don't know them," he urged.

Every year the Frontier schools have tournaments, and then indeed the boys have a time of excitement. The Bannu boys were always pleased when they won the football cup—the cricket belt did not come their way as often as this cup, for football is their special game.

The inter-schools tournaments are always most exciting affairs in Bannu. Few people who have not witnessed Pathans at their games can realise the pitch of excitement which prevails on both sides. In Bannu it is considered "etiquette" for the members of the teams to appear quite cool and nonchalant, but their partisans make no secret of their feelings; and to the uninitiated it is most startling to see a crowd of two or three hundred onlookers rush on to the field in the middle of a game of football after a goal has been gained, and throw their paggris into the air, dancing, shouting, and yelling, hoisting the members of the team on



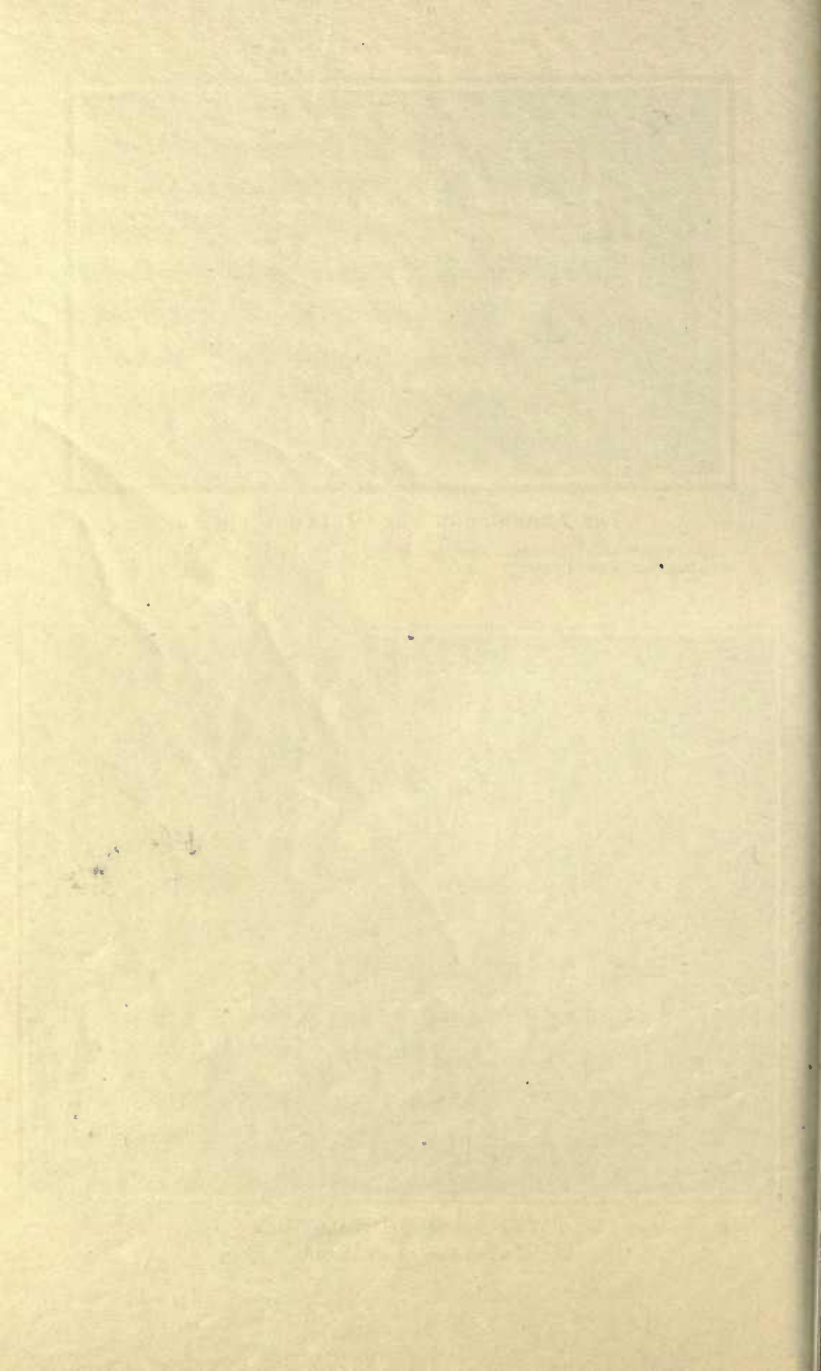
THE BEGINNING OF THE OCHRE PILGRIMAGE

Dr. Pennell with his chela or disciple starting on his pilgrimage with no money and only one change of raiment.



THE BANNU FOOTBALL TEAM

Five of whom were nearly killed in Bombay.



BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

their shoulders, shaking them by the hand, embracing them, and in every way acting like lunatics ! The umpire may blow his whistle till he is breathless, no one takes any notice till the enthusiasm has subsided ; and then the spectators return to their places on the grass surrounding the football ground, till the next goal made by the side with which they sympathise.

If success crowned their efforts, there would be great rejoicings in the evening, the school headed by the winning teams marching through the city with a band playing their triumph ; and then a gay rabble would collect in the large hall in school and have an impromptu sing-song, and Dr. Pennell would reward the best players and give them all a feast.

The school examinations were an unending source of " howlers."

" What is inertia ? " was the question.

" Inertia is that by which we save ourselves from trouble," answered a budding undergraduate.

In a geometry examination one youth wrote, " An axiom is a statement that has no angles."

Another, writing about King Alfred, said : " Alfred was King of England, who was sent to

BANNU SCHOOLBOYS

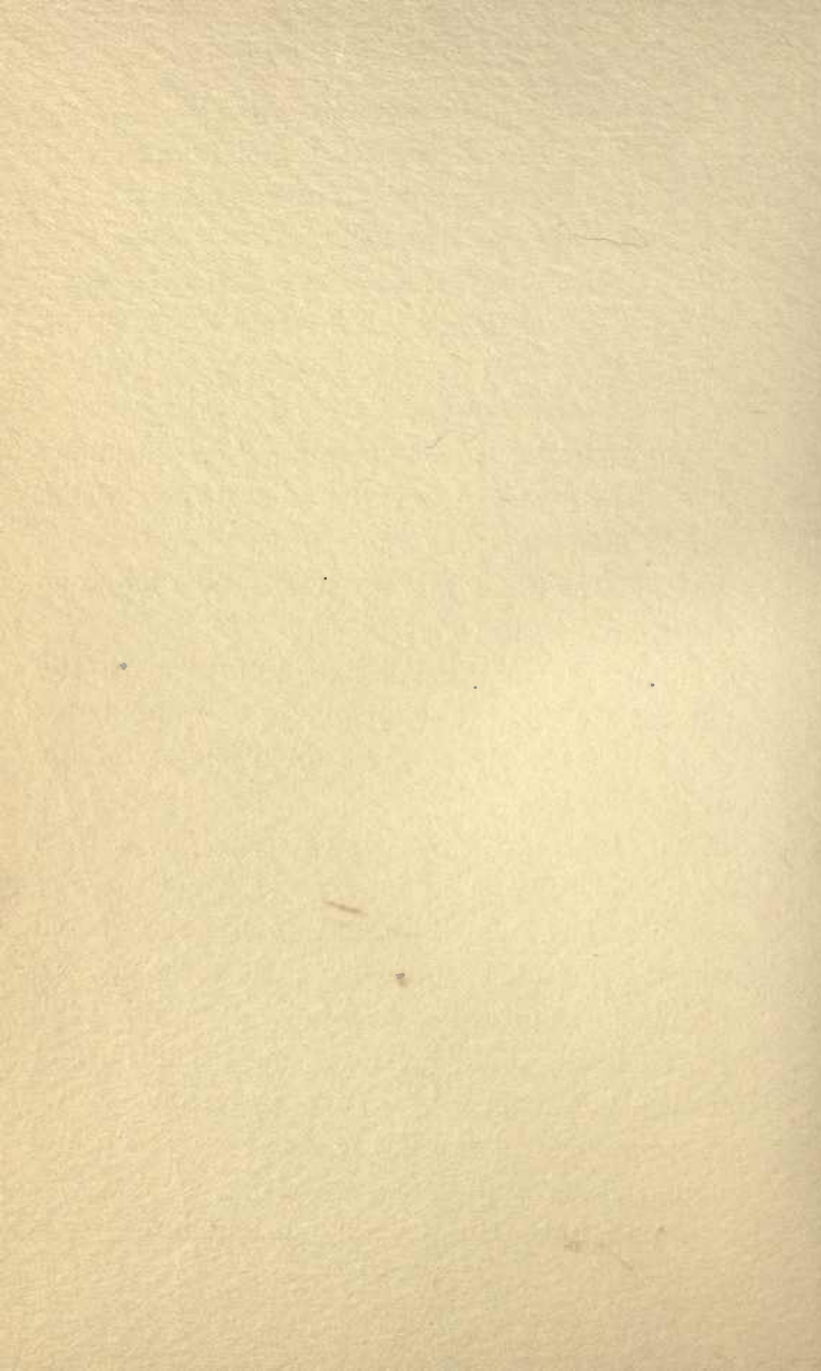
school in Rome. When he came back, he fought with the Danes, but was defeated. Then he said, 'I don't care,' and went back to a woodman's cottage and baked pancakes. He then returned and won the battle."

In the English literature class a query as to the meaning of a letter of marque elicited the answer, "A letter of marque is one signed by someone who cannot write his name. Many such are found in the Dead Letter office."

While examining some of the primary classes, a gentleman asked one small boy what the Devil said to Christ in the temptation in the wilderness. The answer was, "What must I do to be saved?"

CHAPTER VI

CAMPING OUT



CHAPTER VI

CAMPING OUT

DR. PENNELL would often take his boys out camping as Boy Scouts do nowadays. They would all start on foot or some on bicycles or ponies, or if the journey was to be a long one they would go in country carts.

Some of these excursions would be to the hills of the Salt Range, where salt-water bathing could be freely indulged in, and hill-climbing was a necessity.

On these trips the boys would, as a rule, cook their own food, and great fun they had over it. Dr. Pennell himself would be entreated to eat something from each little camp fire, so his meal was often a collection of samples.

Then all would lie down on the hillside, or in the sandy bed of a dry watercourse, and sleep calmly till the dawn bid them be up and doing.

Sometimes the friendly neighbours would

CAMPING OUT

constitute themselves watchmen, and, armed with guns, would do sentry-go all night to protect the boys.

Sometimes Dr. Pennell took a few boys out with him when he was touring with his medicine chest, and they would help to dress the patients' wounds or give out the medicines.

Once Dr. Pennell was travelling in July in the Marwat district. He had one of his boys with him. At Lakki there was an epidemic of sunstroke, and Dr. Pennell was wired for to go to a patient who was seriously ill. He started off at 8 p.m., and it came on to pour so heavily while he was on the journey that he got soaked to the skin. He borrowed a horse at Manghiwalla, and hurried on through drenching rain. The Gambela was in flood, and as he was about to swim across the people on the other side made frantic gestures dissuading him. He waited an hour, and then he, and one of his boys who was with him, decided to cross. They kept together to mid-stream, and then the cartilage of Dr. Pennell's knee slipped, and he was unable to use his left leg at all. Immediately he was carried rapidly down-stream, utterly unable to help himself. Writing of it he says :

CAMPING OUT

“I offered a prayer that it might right itself, and in about three or four minutes it went in with a jerk as I neared the opposite bank.”

A huge crowd of people were waiting on the bank, and as all clothes had been left behind, the swimmers had to be wrapped up in anything that could be spared by the spectators. Dr. Pennell walked through the bazaar wrapped in a borrowed *chadar* (or sheet) and a cap, till he came to the Tehsildar's house, where he was able to have a wash and get clothed, and then went on to his patients.

In June of 1903 cholera broke out virulently at Bannu, and the city was put out of bounds for the soldiers and residents in cantonments. In consequence of the scare, the school had to be closed a few days earlier than usual, and Dr. Pennell went out into camp with some of his men and boys. He took his medicine chests with him on camels, and set off himself on his mare Beauty, going by way of Sordagh. Unfortunately he went too far in an easterly direction, and the camels went too far north, so that they did not meet till they got to Gundaki. Here they stopped in the house of Muhammad Islam, and Dr. Pennell treated several patients who came in from the neighbouring villages.

CAMPING OUT

On the morrow they went to the next village ; to quote from Dr. Pennell's diary :

“ We left at 1.30 a.m., a hot close night. Shah Jehan had borrowed a horse, and I lent Beauty to Gurmukh Dass, as his foot was painful. We reached Damma at 7 a.m., and, not finding a suitable camping ground, went on to Musti Kheyl. Here we pitched our tents by a mulberry tree, but found we had been misinformed about the water supply ; the nearest was a well about one and a half mile down the *algad* towards Damma. As we were unable to get enough for our needs, we had to leave in the afternoon of the next day. Although there were only a few houses scattered round, yet patients came in crowds almost as soon as we appeared. While we were in the middle of supper, just after dark, a storm came on and blew our tent over. We piled our goods by the wall, and as very little rain came, we went cheerfully to sleep. Soon, however, it came on to pour in torrents, and though some of the men tried to shelter among the stuff, we all got a thorough wetting. The next day we spent drying our goods, and then we had morning service in the jungle. Patients came in crowds,

CAMPING OUT

about 170 in all, keeping us very busy till midday. I saw over 200 patients, and did two stone operations. The day after we walked on to Dand, which we reached at 7 a.m., and had a bathe in the lake, where we saw a number of wild-fowl; then we had a meal of bread and milk in the house of a Hindu, and started on our journey back. As it was very hot, we spent the heat of the day in the *Chaūk* of Mahmud Akbar Khan of Nurree, and we also sat for a while in the mosque of the Mullah of Dullimela. He had previously had tea with me in my tent, but in the mosque he told the men to break the earthen vessel in which he had given me water. Shah Jehan asked him why he did this, but he only prevaricated and pretended he had not given the order, but it was obvious he did not want the people to know he was friendly to us. We got back in the afternoon, and I saw patients and did several operations.

“On Sunday morning I went for a bathe in the stream, and then Mihr Khan and I had service together. Afterwards I took a last look at the cataract and stone cases, and saw they were all doing well. At midday the Qazi of Teri called and begged me to go over and see a poor man who was very ill in Teri. He,

CAMPING OUT

Fath Khan, and I took horse at one o'clock, and after a hot ride reached Teri at 5 p.m. Shortly after our arrival there was a violent thunderstorm. I went on seeing numbers of patients till quite late that night, for they were glad to make use of me once I was there.

“ We woke at 3 a.m., but the Khan would not let us go before *bang* (early call to prayer) at 4.30. We took a shorter but more difficult and precipitous route by the ruins of Shahbaz Kila. Fath Khan and the two horsemen of the escort went far too slowly for me, so at Shaidan I left them behind and rode on alone, reaching Damma at 9 a.m., and here I rested till ten, and had my morning meal in the house of a Mullah. After a hot, tiring march, sometimes riding, sometimes leading Beauty up and down the *khud*, I reached Matar at 2 p.m. The rest of the party with the camels had got there about two hours before. A thunderstorm was threatening, so we hastily erected our tent near a mulberry tree in a *khud* below Matar. Immediately afterwards it poured in torrents, and the water swept down the *khud* on each side of us in roaring streams. We made our tent firm, which was fortunate, for in the middle of the night there was a violent storm. All of us

CAMPING OUT

were pretty tired with the day's march, and slept in spite of the disturbance. Next day we moved our tent to a pitch outside the mosque of Mullahs Haji Gul, Sarfaraz, and Yasin, as here there was a wider view and fresher air. I saw a number of patients and preached to the people. The next day there were fewer patients, so I was able to do some private reading for the first time on this trip.

“We set out for Kalabagh, the Mullah Sarfaraz accompanying us. We went to the top of the mountain and then about 300 feet down the farther side by a short cut, but at that point the path descended almost perpendicularly down a giddy precipice, so I decided to take the longer route, and leaving the Mullah we three took a path to the north of Matar, and reached a cowherd's hut at nightfall. Here I got some milk for Gurmukh, whose head was aching. After a short rest we proceeded in the dark with the help of a guide to Chashshamai, where *khairat* (alms) was being distributed on the occasion of the death of some notable person of the place.

“We got there about ten, and the two Hindu boys said they were too tired to cook their evening meal, so I got them some milk

CAMPING OUT

and gave them biscuits, which they were able to eat ; the people gave me some bread. They were cooking sheep and goats all night long, killing the animals just beside our beds ; however, we were tired enough to sleep fairly well, the noise notwithstanding.

“ We were up at 3 a.m. and started off with a guide. At 7 a.m. we reached a village where the Khan Abdul Ghani gave the boys some milk. As we had started fasting, this was most acceptable to them. At 8.30 we reached a salt post, and stopped there while the boys cooked themselves some bread. Very soon after, the cook, who had been following with the luggage on a pack donkey, caught us up.

“ At 3 p.m., though it was very hot, as all of us were anxious to push on we started again and reached Kalabagh at eight, when we enjoyed a bathe in the cool waters.

“ Hira Nand, Gila Ram, and I left at 3 a.m. and reached Kalabagh at eight. We swam down the Indus on inflated goat-skins to the banyan tree. At four I said good-bye to Hira Nand and Sharifdin, and set off on foot for Kotki, which I reached at 7.30. The heat on this journey was excessive. Next morning I left at 5.30 ; there had been heavy rain in the

CAMPING OUT

night, and the water was flowing so swiftly that it was with difficulty we got through the Tang Darwaza. Up near Sarobi a fresh rain torrent had come down, but we got through that more easily and emerged from the Pass above Mir Ahmed Kheyl.

CHAPTER VII

KASHMIR

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KASHMIR

KASHMIR is to the north of India, in the Himalaya Mountains. It is one of the most beautiful parts of this wonderful range of the highest mountains in the world.

One July, Dr. Pennell took a party of his boys to Kashmir for their summer holiday. They started from Bannu in *tum-tums* (a rough kind of dog-cart) one hot July afternoon, and as the Kurram River was in flood they had to ford it just after starting. Beyond the thirty-fifth mile they were caught in a storm which necessitated their taking shelter in a *Chaūk* (or village courtyard) till 2 a.m., when they proceeded by slow stages and with very bad horses to Kohat. Here another of the party met them, and they started by midday in an *ekka* and a *tum-tum*. The *ekka* horse was a sorry beast and could not be made to go because of the heat, so the *ekka* had to be abandoned. To add to their diffi-

KASHMIR

culties, a violent dust-storm came on, followed by pelting rain. Because of this delay they missed their train at Khushalgarh by half an hour, but were caught up by the rest of their party, who had had an eventful drive from Bannu to Kohat. One of their fellow-travellers in the *tum-tum* from Bannu was a *Sipahi* (or soldier) of a Frontier regiment. This man was so exasperated by the slowness of the *tum-tum* horses that he began to beat the driver! The latter, being a Pathan, whipped out a dagger and stabbed the soldier in the chest. He then ran away, leaving the Bannu Mission boys to drive his *tum-tum*. They took the wounded *Sipahi* on to Banda, left him at the police station, and then proceeded to Kohat.

The bridge of boats at Khushalgarh and the novel sight of a railway train were a source of interest to these unsophisticated lads. They made a slow journey from Rawal Pindi to Murree in *ekkas* (or country carts), through forests of larch pine.

At Murree they put up in the Serai. Tragedy seemed to dog their steps, for on going to find the English dentist, whose services they required, they were told he had fallen over a *khud* (or precipice) while chasing a butterfly the day

KASHMIR

before and killed himself. Dr. Pennell describes the journey from Murree as follows :

“ We left Murree on foot at 5.15 a.m. on July 11, with our luggage on two mules. It rained for an hour and then cleared up, though mists and clouds hung about. The path to Dewal lay through beautiful forests clothing the hillside, adorned with plenty of mosses, lichens, and ferns and some English flowers, such as one resembling meadow-sweet and many Scrophulariaceæ. We reached Dewal at 9 a.m. and then continued the descent of the mountain, which now became almost treeless, as far as Kohala, which we reached soon after midday. Here we stayed in the Dâk Bungalow above the Jhelum, which rushes through the gorge below, and is spanned by a substantial bridge which we shall cross to-morrow, and shall thereby enter Kashmir territory. To-day's march was 20 miles. Bahadur Khan and Allah Baksh were most tired.

“ Kohala is a small place on the right bank of the Jhelum. Here we cross over into the Maharajah's territory by a strong girder bridge, which replaces an old suspension bridge destroyed some years ago by a flood, and the pillars of which are still standing a little below

KASHMIR

the present one. The Bungalow is prettily situated, and visitors to and from Kashmir kept going and coming all day long. We left at five o'clock next morning, and reached Dulai at nine. All the boys were rather stiff from their unwonted walking, but in good health and spirits. Here we had a pleasant bathe in the Jhelum, which was flowing noisily some 500 feet below the Dâk Bungalow. The river is not very swift, and so we enjoyed our swim immensely. Dulai village consists of a few huts and a shop or two. We left early for Domel, still travelling along the course of the river, and arrived for breakfast. The bridge here was carried away by the river some four years ago. The remains are rather picturesque, and have large idols stuck in niches, which the people worship. We started again for Garhi, but the sun got so hot, and the air was so close and still, that we could only do eight miles out of the thirteen, and then encamped under some trees near the river. Here we had a bathe, and in the cool of the evening we left for Garhi. Next day we started at 4.30 in the morning and encamped during the heat of the day under some trees. At Hatti the Bungalow and Serai are in ruins, so we encamped beneath some ash

KASHMIR

trees near a pleasant spring, in which we again had a bathe. At 2.30, as thunderclouds were gathering on the surrounding hills, we packed up our things and started. We had not gone three miles when it began to rain, and continued to do so for the remaining eight miles, as far as Chakoti, where we put up in the Dâk Bungalow. On the way we passed a picturesque waterfall, which became suddenly swollen to a large volume by the rain. All the boys marched well, with much less fatigue than before. Next day we marched to Uril, and left in the afternoon for Rampur. The road was very beautiful, through pine forests mixed with fir and elm, and the ground was carpeted with English flowers, such as mullein, St. John's-wort, forget-me-nots, besides lotuses and others. We saw some large monkeys eating fruit in the trees among the massive ruins of an old Hindu temple. Rampur is prettily situated in the clearing of the pine forest near the river, with towering rocks and cliffs on the far side. Excellent walnuts and mulberries abound in the woods.

“We left Rampur at four o'clock in the morning on our last march, and passed an interesting Hindu temple built of large stones, which is still in a fair state of preservation.

KASHMIR

There were now numbers of beautiful butterflies on the flowers alongside the road. We were able to buy a large basket of cherries and plums for a few pice, and mulberries and apricots were plentiful by the roadside. We reached Baramulla at nine o'clock, and by ten were off in a *dunga* boat, having paid off and dismissed the muleteers who had come with our luggage animals from Rawal Pindi. A *dunga* is a large flat-bottomed boat covered with a mat roof and with mats hung round the sides. It is punted or paddled according to the depth of the stream. It makes a very comfortable and simple houseboat. We punted slowly up the river, and reached Sopur at 5.30. Here we got fruit and fish for our evening meal, and, going on by moonlight, stopped at midnight at a Zyarat on the Nuru Canal. The water was full of *Singara* weed (water-nut), and the air swarmed with mosquitoes. We entered the environs of Srinagar at 5 p.m., but the boat was very slow in going through the long winding canals leading to the Mission residence at the farther end of the town, so we did not reach there till sunset."

After visiting the Mission hospital and

KASHMIR

schools the party went to a festival at a shrine where thousands of Muhammadans came to see a reputed hair of the Prophet. The hair was exhibited by the Mullah from the pulpit of the mosque, the people meanwhile praying and bowing to it. At the Leper Asylum, Dr. Pennell preached to the inmates. The Bannu boys played in a cricket match against the Kashmiris of the Mission School, and were very elated at finding themselves the better team.

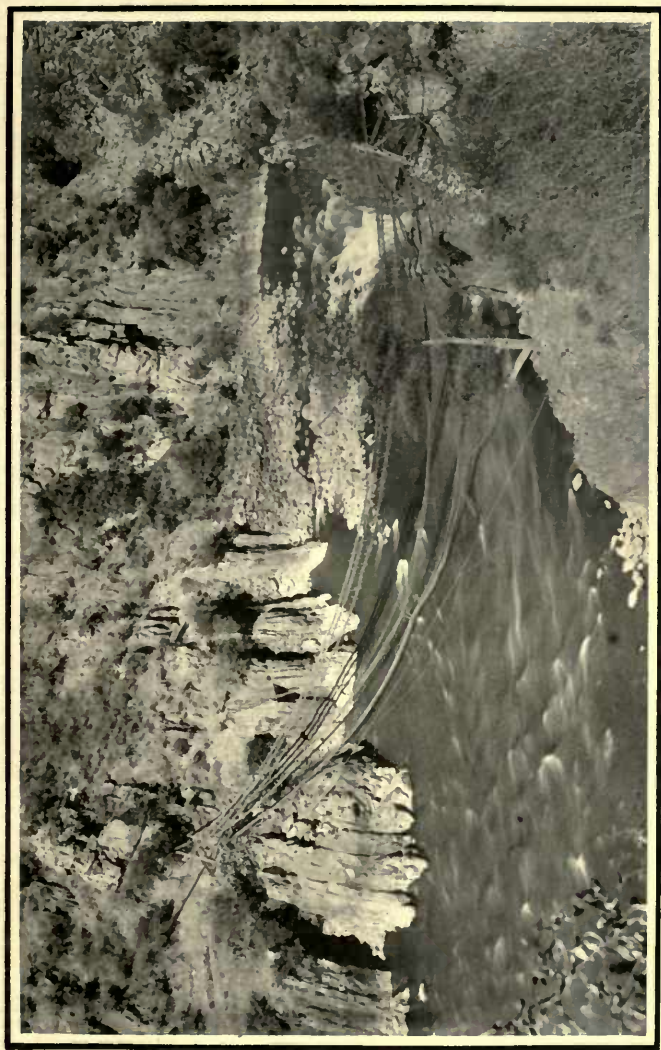
The travellers next went on to Nil Nag, where they encamped in tents. The little lake is very pretty and its waters beautifully clear. It nestles in a deep hollow in the pine woods, and here the Bannu party had a delightful time boating and bathing. They next journeyed on through the pine forests, passing beautiful grassy flower-besprinkled meadows, where large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats were grazing. At the height of about 9000 feet it began to rain, and as it was very cold they lit a bonfire in the woods, and made their shelter comfortable till the rain stopped. They then continued their climb till they reached Barg Marg, 10,500 feet high, where they encamped, pitching their tents in the shelter of the pines. Next morning they started early, and ascended

KASHMIR

the mountain through meadows covered with a profusion of flowers, and watered by numerous ice-cold streams. There were hundreds of varieties of flowers they had never seen before, besides quantities of primulas, eye-bright, butter-cups, forget-me-nots, rag-wort, and columbine. They climbed to a height of 13,000 feet, where they came upon a large bed of snow and ice. Here they spent a little time, enjoying the glaciers and snow-fields before descending to their camp, which they struck shortly after, and marched down to Nil Nag. Next day they had sports in the lake before the return journey to Srinagar.

After a few days spent in Srinagar, they again took to their *dunga*, and floated down-stream to Sumbul. Here they laid in supplies and then went on to Lake Manesbal, which they explored thoroughly. They found that a faqir had excavated a cave a long way into the rock, and had also planted a pleasant fruit garden, watered by a cutting from the Sind River, which falls in pretty cascades over the rocks. Besides the cave, they found the remains of a palace built by Nur Jehan, the Begum of the Moghul Emperor Jehangir.

From here they went on to a village where



A ROPE BRIDGE IN KASHMIR

Such bridges as these are constructed entirely of rope and afford a precarious means of crossing some of the most rapid torrents.

KASHMIR

there was a large *zyarat* (or shrine), but unfortunately they found millions of mosquitoes in possession. The Wolar Lake was very low and choked with *Singara* weed. Going down-stream, they had several bathes in the river below Sopur. Their holiday was, however, drawing to an end, and they had to make their way back to the plains again.

At Baramulla they left their boat and started off in *ekkas*, descending by easy stages. At Garhi the spirit of adventure led them to cross the river by the rope bridge of buffalo hide. These rope bridges are precarious though picturesque, and are found in parts of Kashmir and North India. They are formed of a few strands of stout rope or hide stretched from bank to bank, and the adventurous traveller generally crosses by treading on the lowest strand while he balances himself with his arms across the higher ones. Or else he sits in a kind of sling and is pulled across with nothing more than the uncertain support of the overhead ropes to sustain him in his dizzy journey.

At Phagwara they arrived just after a tonga had gone over the precipice, killing both the driver and horses. The passengers, an English

KASHMIR

lady and gentleman, had jumped out just in time. The rest of the journey was uneventful, but the boys had great stories to tell of the beauties and dangers of Kashmir to their Pathan friends. On his return to Bannu, Dr. Pennell found a great increase in the numbers of in- and out-patients, and also in the school attendance.

Another summer he took another set of boys to Kashmir. He started first on foot with one boy over the mountains.

“The path led up the banks of a mountain torrent,” says Dr. Pennell, “which we had to cross twenty-one times on bridges made of two felled pines spanning the stream, with twigs and stones spread from one to the other. In one or two places these bridges were in disrepair and unsafe, so the ponies had to ford the rushing stream, which they did with some difficulty. The pony belonging to another traveller whom we met was carried off its feet, and only rescued after a great deal of trouble. In one place a considerable quantity of snow had slipped down the mountain side and completely bridged the stream. Then a steep ascent up the hill brought us to Poshiana, a village on the mountain side

KASHMIR

at an elevation of 8200 feet. There being no Bungalow or level place here, we pitched our tents on the top of a house and made ourselves very comfortable.

“Last night the wind blew so hard that we thought the tent would be blown away down the valley; however, it stood firm, and at 7 a.m. we were on the march. We reached the top of the Pass at ten, part of the ascent being over snow. Aliabad Serai was reached at twelve o'clock. Here we got some milk. It came on to rain, and was a very cold and cheerless place, so at 1.30 we started again. The road was very up and down, rough and slippery, so that in some places it was difficult to keep one's footing. It rained nearly the whole way, and in one swollen torrent, forded with great difficulty five miles before we reached Haipur, I lost both my shoes and socks in the mud! We reached Haipur at seven o'clock, and were very glad of tea and shelter in the Serai. The next day we pitched our tent by the stream in the Serai, and spent a quiet day. In the afternoon it came on to rain, and we had to take refuge in the Serai itself.

“We left at 7 a.m. and reached Shupiyon at ten, and were much relieved at getting our

KASHMIR

post with good news from Bannu. At five o'clock we reached Armermi on the Shupiyon River, where we took boat, thus ending our march of 138 miles from Bhimber.

“Many torrents had to be crossed, some on snow bridges,” writes Dr. Pennell, “some by jumping from boulder to boulder. I slipped on one of them and went in up to the hips. One of the snow bridges, too, was beginning to melt and give way, but I managed to scramble out. A thunderstorm overtook us during the latter part of the ascent, but subsequently the sun came out and dried us. The lake was deep blue in colour, and almost completely covered with masses of snow and ice which had slipped down the snow-covered mountain sides, and on some of which were poised huge boulders. We had a bathe in the ice-cold waters and then descended to our camp, which we reached too tired to cook a meal, but a cup of hot coffee and a bowl of milk from a neighbouring *Gujjar's* (herdsman's) cottage made up for the deficiency.

“As night came on it began to rain heavily, and the ground being soft the pegs of the tent came out one after another, consequently we had to get up in a hurry, and while Jetha Nand supported the tent, I knocked in the pegs again

KASHMIR

firmly, after which we were able to spend the rest of the night in quiet.

“Next morning we left at 11 a.m., after drying our clothes and cleaning up. At Sedan we visited the Haribal Falls and finally reached camp at Shupiyon at 7 p.m. From here we went down to Ramu and encamped in a chenar grove.”

Bijbehara was then visited, and here they camped in drenching rain, which effectually prevented their fire from burning. Their meal was consequently much delayed, camping under chenars being a delightful experience in good weather, but somewhat uncomfortable in the wet !

Their experiences in this place were calculated to teach them patience and the advantages of abstinence. After a great deal of trouble and the free use of oil and fat, they managed at last to light a fire for breakfast, and put on some potatoes to boil, leaving one of their number to superintend the operation. Alas for their hopes ! the clumsy watcher upset the pot with all the contents, with the result that both their breakfast and their hardly obtained fire were lost, and they had to content them-

KASHMIR

selves with bread and milk. It cleared as the morning advanced, and so they loaded two ponies with their baggage and proceeded to Sallar; here, too, they encamped under a chenar, with rather sad results. Dr. Pennell describes the adventure thus :

“At 3 a.m. torrents of rain began to fall, and before long drops began to come through our tent and we had to sit up; then the pegs came out, and I had to go out in a hurry and fix them. After that the stream near by overflowed, and an offshoot wended its way under our boxes and bedding through the tent. We had no matches, so I went to a neighbouring house to get some, but they were damp and would not light. In the morning we were all in a very bedraggled condition. Two of us started at 8 a.m. and the rest a few hours later for Pahlgam, which we reached at noon, and here we were given some breakfast.”

Being thus refreshed they proceeded to the next village, Praslang, where they had sent the tent in advance, and here they encamped for the night. Starting at 6.30 the next day, their journey took them over several snow

KASHMIR

bridges to Astan Marg. This is a beautiful meadow surrounded by high rugged hills over 15,000 feet high, and the meadow and lower slopes are carpeted with all kinds of wild flowers. The ascent from here was long and difficult, and they walked for about two and a half hours over the watershed into the Sinde Valley, a good deal of the climb being up snowbeds. Then they passed a small tarn full of snow and ice and began the descent, first over snow and then by grassy and flower-covered banks to Panj Tarni.

From here they proceeded down to the plains, and back to Bannu and work.

CHAPTER VIII
THE SADHU JOURNEY

CHAPTER VIII

THE SADHU JOURNEY

THROUGH NORTH INDIA ON A BICYCLE—THE
OCHRE PILGRIMAGE

DR. PENNELL'S aim to get to know the people of India, and to understand their aims and religious life, induced him to take a remarkable journey in the winter of 1903-1904.

Asceticism has always been a religious ideal in the East, and Oriental religious teachers have, from time immemorial, subsisted on the gifts of the people, living the simple life, travelling about preaching their doctrines, accepting the simple hospitality of the village as naturally as they adapt themselves to the position of revered and honoured teacher at a great man's board. Dr. Pennell was anxious to prove for himself whether this method of religious teaching were one that should be adopted by the Christian missionary. He therefore started out without

THE SADHU JOURNEY

purse or scrip as a Christian Sadhu. As his time was of necessity limited, he had to use a bicycle, a mode of progression unknown to the Sadhus and faqirs of old, though it is at present not an uncommon thing to see a holy man riding this novel steed.

Dr. Pennell writes :

“ Having recently ridden most of the way from Bannu in the North-West Frontier Province to Ghazipur on the Eastern boundary of the United Provinces, some of my experiences may be of use to others who contemplate a similar tour. I was mounted on an Elswick, which with my kit complete weighed 56 lbs., and my companion, a young Afghan, rode a Beeston Humber, which, loaded up, turned the scale at 46 lbs. It was fortunate that both machines, though by no means new, were very strong, as they had to stand much rough usage before the journey was over ; still, after riding about 1500 miles, we were able to ride back into Bannu at 12 miles an hour with the machines in as workable a condition as when we started. Our difficulties began on the second day out, when we had to cross the sandy Marwat plain from Laki to the Indus River. The so-called road is a

THE SADHU JOURNEY

devious path through shifting sand dunes where a submarine might travel as readily as a bicycle, so we took a rather circuitous route along the Kurram River, where the sand was firm enough to ride on. We had, however, to ford the river several times, and once lost ourselves in a jungle of tamarisk bushes. These grew denser and denser till we had to lift our machines at arm's length over our heads and struggle through, while our lower garments got torn to shreds and our legs badly scratched. Seeing that we only carried a single change of garments, the destruction of one so early in our trip seemed at first rather a calamity ; but even this had its utility, as will be seen later on.

“ The river-bed of the Indus was slow travelling, as drifts of sand alternated with some more or less deep channels where the water came about to the waist. Though the sandy region lying on both sides of the Indus River was sufficiently fatiguing, yet it had one redeeming feature, which was that we were never troubled with punctures, and did not have a single delay for repairs till we had travelled over a hundred miles and were nearing Khushab. There, however, in the Shahpur district, and especially between Shahpur and Bhera, fresh

THE SADHU JOURNEY

troubles awaited us ; the most thorny varieties of acacia have apparently been selected to line the roads, and men seem to have been detailed by the district authorities beforehand to lop off the most offensive branches and strew them over the road, where they lay awaiting us like a *cheveaux de frise*, with one thorn on each twig sticking up like a bayonet inclined to receive our luckless tyres ; a favourite plan seems to be to let the sides of the road harden into a network of ruts and hoof-holes, and to leave a narrow but even path down the centre, which attracts the unwary cyclist till he discovers that special care has been taken to scatter the thorny twigs on the smoother parts, so that the rider, to escape the Scylla of the thorny branch on the smooth track, finds his machine bumping over the Charybdis of the cartwheel ruts at the side ! The novelty of stopping every quarter of an hour to repair a puncture soon begins to pall, and it was just as well that the district authorities in charge of the road were not there to hear the remarks made about them, for in one journey of only twelve miles to a village in the Jhelum Bar Colony we had to stop eight times to repair punctures.

“From Pind Dadan Khan we started to

THE SADHU JOURNEY

cross over the Salt Range Mountains ; it was now the turn of the outer tyres to suffer. The roads are not bad for pedestrians ; but the road-makers certainly did not allow for cyclists, or they would not have left the roads strewn with rocks and boulders, these often having such sharp edges that they cut through the tyre like a knife. An aggravating experience is to toil laboriously up a long hill with the expectation of coasting down the other side, only to find that the descent is cut up every few hundred yards by a rocky torrent bed, where you have to pull up and dismount.

“ We rattled through Chuha Saidan Shah, and splashed through the stream that runs by the village, while all the people ran out to see what new phenomenon had visited them.

“ However, we soon reached the pretty village of Kallar Kahar on the banks of a placid salt lake, the white glistening shores of which shimmered in the noonday sun. Then came a short ascent to the top of a ridge, from which we obtained a splendid view over a plain dotted with villages stretching away up north as far as the eye could reach.

“ The nearest village in this plain was Bohn, and had the road been smooth, we could have

THE SADHU JOURNEY

ridden down without any pedalling in less than an hour ; but as it was, the road was so cut up and covered with rocks that we had to be constantly dismounting, and the sun was setting as we entered the bazaar. Finding a sufficiently frequented spot I commenced to preach, as was my custom on reaching a new town. We went merrily down the Grand Trunk Road to Gujar Khan, having done about 50 miles that day, which is almost the greatest distance we ever had occasion to traverse at one stretch. Just before entering Gujar Khan a moderately steep hill had to be descended, and we were gaily coasting down it to the expected completion of our day's journey, when an ill-starred sheep chose that moment for crossing the road. I was riding a little behind, and saw a sprawling figure flying through the air and a dazed sheep struggling out from beneath the machine, the front wheel of which was lying loose owing to the snapping of its axle. Had this happened in any of the places previously visited, we should probably have found it impossible to repair the injury locally, and should have been held up till we could obtain a new axle from Lahore ; but by a remarkable providence we found a friend here whose bicycle was lying idle owing

THE SADHU JOURNEY

to the crank having been broken in a recent fall, and we were able to fit its front wheel on to our machine by means of a little adjusting, and so were ready to start forth the next morning, as usual, for a forty miles' run into Jhelum. [Dr. Pennell on this occasion strapped the unusable wheel on his own back, gave his own bicycle to his disciple, and rode the broken one.]

“A little episode of the Jhelum bridge is worth relating. When we reached the western end of the bridge the toll-keeper stopped us for payment. I told him that I was a Christian Sadhu journeying to Hindustan, and that we had no money of any kind with us. He may have believed us or not, but from the way he eyed the bicycles he probably did not; anyway, he told us plainly, ‘No pice, no path’—and no setting forth of the peculiar privileges of a Sadhu could make him budge from his practical financial view of the question, so there was nothing for it but to sit quietly down by the roadside and await events. Shortly after a party of Hindus, on their way to their morning ablutions, sauntered up, and stopped to gaze at the novel combination of bicycles and Sadhus; this soon led to conversation, in the course of which we told them the object of our journey

THE SADHU JOURNEY

and the cause of our detention. They then tried with no little earnestness to persuade us to relinquish the preaching of the gospel for the promulgation of the Vedas, and even offered to pay the two annas required for our toll if we were willing to accede to their plan ! This gave me an opportunity for pointing out the attraction of Christ, which made it impossible for one who had once tasted the sweets of following in His footsteps to desert to another master.

“ They clothed their contempt for the message of the Cross in their compassion for our hopeless predicament, as they thought ; for they said, ‘ There are no Christians here to help you over, and it is not likely that Hindus or Muhammadans would forward you on such a mission.’ I replied that I was quite content to wait by the roadside till help came, and that I felt sure we should not have long to wait. I had scarcely spoken when we saw an English officer attended by a sowar riding up in the direction of the bridge. When he reached us, we recognised a Frontier officer who had, we learnt, been sent down to Jhelum on special duty, and he appeared amused and surprised at meeting me in such peculiar circumstances. When he learnt what was the cause of our deten-

THE SADHU JOURNEY

tion, naturally the toll-man had not long to wait for his two annas, and I was able to point out to my Hindu friends that it had not taken long for God to send us help even from so great a distance as Peshawar, and we went on with light and thankful hearts. Truly two annas is worth much more in some circumstances than one hundred rupees in others.

“ After our happy passage over the Jhelum, we wheeled comfortably along the interesting Grand Trunk Road, now to the north and now to the south of the railway line. The crisp morning air of a Punjab winter has an exhilarating effect on the appetite, and we were only exceptional in that we had the appetite but not the wherewithal in our wallets to satisfy the same. To tantalise us more, it was the feast day succeeding the great Muhammadan fast, and in all the villages the men were feasting and the children, dressed in their gala clothes, were amusing themselves on swings, or playing about on the roads. My Afghan companion, who had been keeping the fast without the feast, finally went up to a party of merry-makers, and, after saluting, said he was very hungry and would be glad of a share of the ‘ Id ’ cakes. The man addressed leisurely surveyed

THE SADHU JOURNEY

us from head to foot, and said, 'You ! you call yourselves Sadhus (religious mendicants), you ride bicycles, and beg your bread ! Phew !' and turned his back on us. My companion turned to me with a very un-Sadhu-like expression on his face, saying, 'We Afghans used always to say that Punjabi Muhammadans were only half Muhammadans, but now I see we were wrong, they are not a quarter. In our country we call in every stranger and traveller to share our feast.

"Shortly after midday we reached Lala Musa, and, visiting the station, found the train had just come in. We mingled with the bustling crowd and watched the native sweetmeat and refreshment vendors going from one carriage to another calling, 'Hot rolls ! Hot rolls and pulse !' 'Sweets fried in butter,' 'Hot milk,' and various other delicacies, and we watched the fortunate possessor of pice selecting some tempting sweetmeat or pancake. Then we passed on to the refreshment-rooms, where the European passengers were taking a hurried meal, and I remembered many occasions when I had been in that same refreshment-room without being a tithe as hungry, and now how could I venture inside ? Should I

THE SADHU JOURNEY

not be greeted with, 'Now then, out of this ; no faqirs wanted here.' So I wandered back among the third-class passengers. A Sikh native officer spoke kindly to me, and offered me some cardamoms, and then the whistle blew, the passengers hurried to their seats, and we were left alone. A railway servant entered into conversation, and finding who we were recommended us to go to the village, where there was a Christian preacher. We went to the caravanserai, where there were some Afghan traders sitting on a bed ; they seemed surprised at getting a greeting in Pushtu, but returned it heartily.

"Then I saw a well-dressed man walking off towards the bazaar ; something in his face and a book in his hand seemed to indicate him as the Christian preacher, and on introducing ourselves we found we were not mistaken. He asked us into his house for a rest, and informed us his name was Allah Ditta, a worker of the Scotch Mission at Gujrat. After the rebuff of the morning we were loth to say that, though the sun was now declining towards the west, we were still waiting for our breakfast, so after a time I rose to go, when to our considerable satisfaction the kind man asked us to stop till

THE SADHU JOURNEY

tea was ready. It was a pleasure to see the work carried on and witness borne in this needy place by this man and an Indian fellow labourer of his, who was living with him, and we went on cheered in body and soul after some pleasant intercourse and united prayer.

“ We somewhat regretfully parted company with the well-metalled Grand Trunk Road, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction to the Sialkot district. It was not long before we had to call a halt for punctures, from which we had been fairly free while on the Grand Trunk Road; but this day we had to stop several times before reaching Daska, eighteen miles from Wazirabad, where the Scotch Mission have a Christian Boys' Boarding-school, which seemed chiefly noted for two things : its success in the Lake Memorial Scripture Examinations, and its crack cricket eleven. Some of the boys accompanied me to the bazaar preaching, and helped to attract an audience by their singing. The road is rough for bicycling, and our old enemies the acacias lined the way. One tyre gave out entirely, going off like a pistol-shot before we had gone five miles. I used my last piece of rubber in repairing it, and, a few miles on, pop it went again. Now was the time for the pyjamas

THE SADHU JOURNEY

torn in the tamarisk jungle of the Kurram River to come in useful. Though unwearable, I had brought them on, with the melancholy reluctance a faqir has to part with his rags, and seeing I could no longer inflate my tube I stuffed the remains of the pyjamas and a few other small articles of dress into the outer tyre, making a fair imitation of a cushion tyre, sufficient to enable us to reach Pasrur without having to tramp ! Here our reputation must have preceded us, as, while we were still debating on the confines of the town where to seek shelter, fortune forestalled us in the person of a kind-hearted lady missionary, who seeing, no doubt, how wayworn an appearance we presented, conducted us to the house of the Indian pastor, the Rev. Labhu Mall, where our wants were attended to and I even managed to get some leather patches sewn over the frayed portions of the outer tyre, and the inner tyre repaired.

“ On the last day of 1903, after a God-speed from our friends at Narowal, we started along the road towards the Ravi River, which we soon reached, flowing clear and cold below a sandy cliff on its western bank, where it had evidently been encroaching on the lands of the farmers and engulfing many a fertile acre and the houses

THE SADHU JOURNEY

of the village too, the ruins of the latter showing some way along the bank. The east bank was a low wide expanse of sand which had long been left dry by the receding stream. Seeing no other way to cross, we were preparing to take off our clothes and ford when a kind zamindar came up with : ‘Peace be with you.’ ‘And on thee be peace.’ ‘Whither are you going, O Sadhulog, and what is your order and sect?’ ‘We are Christian Sadhus travelling from Afghanistan to India, and are seeking means to cross this river.’ ‘Then you are my teacher,’ said the zamindar, brightening into a smile, ‘and I will get a boat and take you across.’ And although the good fellow had been brought to the brink of ruin by the destruction of his lands and house caused by the rapacious river, he went and procured a boat and rowed us across, knowing that it was not in our power to give him any reward excepting to pray that he might recover his lost land, and to give him some spiritual comfort.

“The New Year dawned crisp and frosty, and we were loth to turn out of the warm house that had hospitably sheltered us, with our thin cotton clothes and bare feet! A little brisk running with the bicycles was beginning to get

THE SADHU JOURNEY

us warm when pop went a tyre again, and both hands and feet got cold dabbling about in a ditch mending the first of a series which finally resulted in one of the bicycles striking work when still twelve miles out from Batala. We were holding a council as to what to do when an empty *ekka* came trundling along, and we persuaded the driver, after some difficulty, to take up one bicycle and its rider while the other rode on into Batala on the still sound machine." (Shah Jehan, the *chela*, drove on, while Dr. Pennell bicycled the weary way.)

CHAPTER IX

SADHU JOURNEY (*continued*)

CHAPTER IX

SADHU JOURNEY (*continued*)

“THE roads were now very heavy owing to the downpour of the previous day; but other cyclists have probably discovered before this, that in such circumstances the path along the sides of the canals makes very good going, as the water runs off it rapidly without soaking in, and affords a very pleasant ride when all the roads round are deep in mud. We accordingly made for the nearest point of the Beas Canal, and then continued along its banks till near the village of Tibri.

“At one place we were in doubt which bifurcation of the canal to take, and seeing a youth not far off grazing a horse, I made in his direction to inquire the way—fruitlessly, however, for he left horse and halter and took to his heels, screaming as though he thought all the genii of Kaf were after him, and, finding I still pursued, he made a wild dash across the

THE SADHU JOURNEY

canal, pausing on the opposite bank to thank heaven for what he no doubt imagined to be a narrow escape from a horrible apparition.

“Next day we set forward again, and after a five-mile spin found ourselves on the top of an eminence surveying as ideal a landscape as one could wish for. On our left was a glorious panorama of the Himalayas, range surmounting range of glistening snow, a shimmering study in dazzling white, and all set off by the varying greens and browns of the rich Punjab plain to the east and south, the forests and fields of which lay mapped out before us, with the river Beas, a gleaming stream of silver, meandering through its fertile tracts. Reaching the river, we found that the toll-keeper was on the farther side and the river itself unfordable. Asking the boatmen whether we could cross without paying toll as we had no means of doing so, they said the only way was for one of us to cross over and ask; we thought on our part that it would be better for us both to cross over and ask, and as the boatmen agreed to this proposition we heaved our machines aboard one of the boats and crossed over with a number of camels and bullocks.

“Safely arrived on the other side, we went

THE SADHU JOURNEY

to the toll office and did what most Orientals do when they are in a quandary, sat down and waited to see what would turn up. The toll-man leisurely collected the coins of all the passengers, both quadruped and biped, eyed us narrowly without speaking, and then deliberately commenced to smoke his *hookah*. As time passed we both became contemplative, he on the wreathing columns of smoke from his pipe, I on the bucolic landscape around us. His patience was the first to waver, and he broke the silence with, 'Now, Sadhu-ji, your pice.' 'Indeed, I carry no such mundane articles.' 'Then what right had you to cross the Sarkar's river in the Sarkar's boat?' 'Indeed, our purpose was to crave a favour of your worthy self.' 'What do you desire of me, O Sadhu-ji?' 'Merely that, as we are on a pilgrimage to India and have no money, you should allow us to cross without paying toll; and as you were on this side and we on that, and nobody would take our message, there was no alternative but to come in person to ask the favour.' 'Very well, Sadhu-ji, your request is granted, and may you remember me.' "

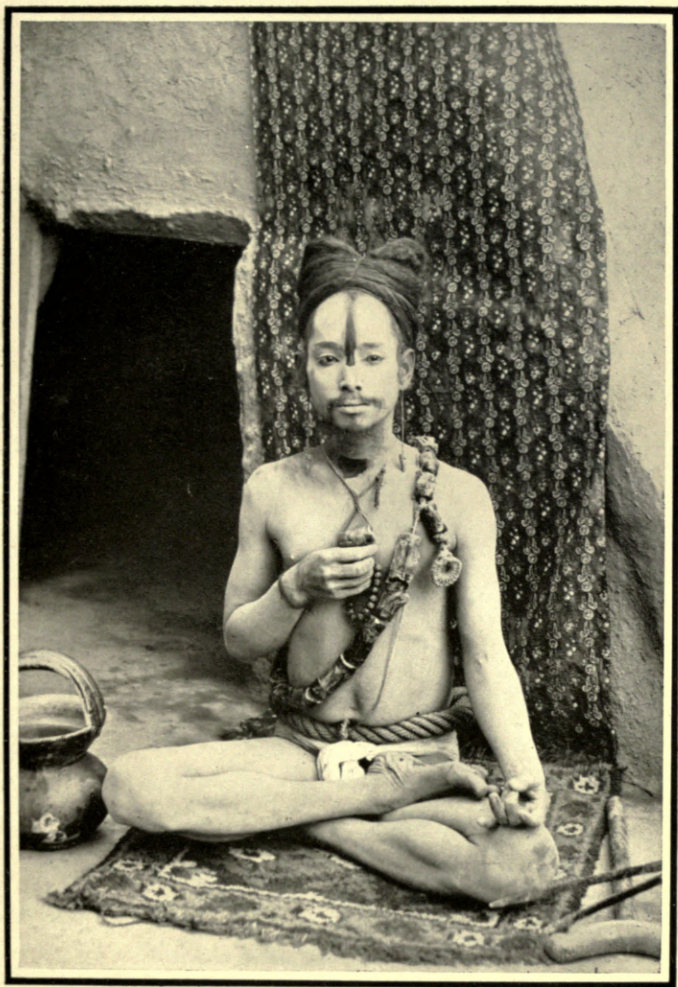
From here they travelled to Hoshiarpur,

THE SADHU JOURNEY

Jallundur, Ludhiana, and finally came to Delhi. Shah Jehan, the chela, had done the last part of the journey by train, and Dr. Pennell had bicycled alone. He writes :

“After a brief rest and another twelve miles of good road, crossing the Jumna Canal and then the Jumna River itself, I reached the historic royal city of Delhi.

“The cows of this city possess an independent, inquisitive, and, in fact, absolutely rude temperament, which I noticed nowhere else in the Punjab. The Jumna is crossed by a very fine iron girder bridge, with the railway running overhead and the cart traffic below, and I had started along the underway when I saw two inoffensive-looking cows some twenty yards ahead. As they were crossing very leisurely, I, without meaning any offence, passed them on my machine, but had not gone fifteen yards ahead, when I heard a tramping noise behind me, heightened by the reverberation of the hollow bridge and the rattling of the plank floor, till it seemed like a troop of horse-men at the charge. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the cows, heads down, at full tilt; as there was no time or opportunity for explanation, I



A HINDU SADHU

This sadhu was hermetically sealed in his cell for eight days.

THE SADHU JOURNEY

also put on speed, and we were all making good time and rather enjoying the race when a fresh difficulty presented itself. At the farther end of the bridge the roadway appeared to terminate abruptly in the box of the toll-taker, and there was no clue as to whether the road itself turned to right or left or went up in a lift (it turned out that it bifurcated at right angles to both right and left, but this was invisible from a distance), so the race continued till the toll-taker at the winning-post was reached. The man stood the charge with the pluck worthy of a British Grenadier, and the cows and I were a dead heat and all of us rather mixed. However, after sorting ourselves and making the necessary explanations, we all parted good friends.

“Proceeding to the Cambridge Mission, I met my companion, who, not being quite up to the mark, had accepted a lift from a kind friend, and we both set out to see the bazaars of Delhi. Before we had gone a quarter of a mile, I observed another cow bearing down on my starboard quarter. Being unable to believe that three cows could be so insufferably rude in one city, I steered a straight course, on the right side of the road too, till I found the animal's horns

THE SADHU JOURNEY

almost touching my knee, when I jumped off and regretfully resigned my machine to the inevitable. The cow, without so much as by your leave, put its head through the frame, and with a haughty toss of the head swung the bicycle on to its neck and then went careering down the corn market with my machine swinging round its neck like a windmill, and us two Sadhus rushing wildly after it. After a fifty yards' run the cow seemed to have some qualms of conscience, and, with a twist of the head, threw the machine some yards off on to the ground, then, with a sniff and a snort, trundled off to pastures new. I quite expected to find the merest wreck of my machine, but beyond a bent crank and a few minor injuries the Elswick had braved the storm in a way that is a credit to the manufacturers. A good Samaritan in the Cambridge Mission got the necessary oil and wire applied, and my machine was itself again.

“ We returned by the same road by which we had come, past Ghaziabad and Meerut as far as Muzaffarnagar, where the road to Hardwar leaves the Saharanpur road to the left and strikes northwards. We had wheeled about twelve miles along this road, when the

THE SADHU JOURNEY

shades of evening closed in. Seeing a good-sized village on our left, which we afterwards found was called Barla, we entered it, and proceeded to the village mosque, where the worshippers were engaged in evening prayer. This over, the Imam asked us in, and soon a crowd collected round us, eager to learn who we were and what we were doing. After the visitors had left, the Imam brought us food and gave us a shakedown in a veranda attached to the mosque, and we were soon oblivious of the toils of the past day and dreaming of the far-famed, but as yet unseen, Hardwar, the famous place of pilgrimage which we were hoping to reach on the following day."

The journey was continued with varying experiences as far as Bombay, where the travellers meant to embark for Karachi, the port nearest their own part of India.

Dr. Pennell describes thus the conclusion of their adventures :

"At Bombay we were well cared for. I had an opportunity of addressing a meeting at the Y.M.C.A., and at its close eleven rupees in all was spontaneously given us by sundry of the audience.

THE SADHU JOURNEY

“When, however, we went down to the docks to take passage for Karachi, we found that our steerage passage came to ten rupees, and five rupees was required for each of the bicycles.

“We purchased our tickets and awaited developments. Whilst we were standing about amongst the crowd, a very holy Brahman came round, sprinkling the passengers with sacred water for a prosperous passage and receiving a harvest of pice in return. He came to sprinkle us, but we declined the honour. He then asked why we delayed to go aboard with the other passengers. I told him that we were waiting because we could not pay the freight on our bicycles; he retorted that unless we invoked his blessing (for a remuneration) we should never start, but that having done so everything would be made easy. When we still declined he went away, prophesying all sorts of misfortunes for us. The last of the passengers had gone aboard, the appointed time for starting had arrived, but no friend had appeared to help us out of our difficulty. The Brahman came back and taunted us with our position, and what it might have been had we accepted his offer. All I could say was, ‘Wait and see.’

“Just as the boat was on the point of start-

THE SADHU JOURNEY

ing, a ship's officer came to us and said that the captain was willing to take our bicycles free of charge, and with a friendly nod at the Brahman we crossed the drawbridge. We had now one rupee left for food ; but still we were not left in want, for when we had exhausted our store of money, the Goanese cooks gave us a share of their own dinner. At Karachi the steamers anchor out in the harbour a considerable distance from the embarkation wharfs, which the tides prevent them from reaching. Passengers and their luggage are therefore taken ashore in native boats, which crowd alongside as soon as the anchor is dropped. But these boatmen naturally require a remuneration, and we had none to give, so that it now seemed as though we should have greater difficulty in getting off the steamer than we had in getting on. Just then a launch came alongside with the mails, and a ship's officer came up and asked if we would like to go ashore on it. Of course we jumped at the offer, had our machines on board in a trice, and were safe on *terra firma* again before the other boats had left the steamer's side.

CHAPTER X
THE FOOTBALL TOUR

CHAPTER X

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

IN 1906 Dr. Pennell took a team of footballers of his school a tour over India.

Football is played during July and August in parts of Bengal, in the spring in Bombay, and in the winter in the north. But as the team only had the long summer vacation wherein to play, they arranged a series of matches in various parts of North and West India and as far south as Bombay on the west coast or Masulipatam in the Madras Presidency.

The team consisted of Muhammadans, Hindus, Sikhs, and Christians ; the captain was an Afghan boy, and the vice-captain an Indian Christian.

They started from Bannu in one of the hottest months of the year, at a time when the Indus is in flood. After playing and winning their first match at Dera Ismail Khan, they had to cross the river ; the following account tells of their adventures :

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

“ July 5th. We left at 7 a.m. The ferry steamer is only two miles from Dera, so we all walked down, sending the luggage in two *tum-tums*.

“ As soon as we got to the steamer, most of us had a most refreshing plunge and swim in the cool waters of the river, diving off the boat's side.

“ We left at 10.15 and reached the other bank at noon. The question now was whether to proceed in *tum-tums* or in small boats across the freshets and river-bed between us and Darya Khan. All crowded around us, the boatmen vociferating that the *tum-tums* would never get through the eight miles of inundated land that lay between us and Darya Khan, and the *tum-tum* drivers being equally decided in assuring us that the boats would have to go by so circuitous a route that they would not reach the station till midnight. While we were still in doubt, we met an old schoolboy, Kesar Singh, of the 33rd Punjabis, and he advised us to decide on *tum-tums*; so, taking off most of our superfluous clothes and arrayed only in bathing pants or shorts and *paggris*, we set off on foot, with our luggage in the *tum-tums*. Nearly the whole land was inundated, the water varying from a few inches to four feet in depth, and in

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

one place the *tum-tums* had to be packed bodily on to a ferry-boat to be taken across a deep and rapid branch of the river about 150 yards wide.

“Eleven of us swam across. Karam Dad and Ahmad Khan were both carried so far downstream that we were on the point of making a rescue party when they got over. We disported ourselves in the water till the ferry-boat arrived with our luggage and the rest of our party, and then we set off again. The last three miles were very trying, as the water was nearly uniformly three feet deep and the bottom slippery with frequent unexpected holes. However, we encouraged one another with quips and cranks, and all reached Darya Khan safely at six o'clock, though the appearance we presented in our scanty and bedraggled attire must have been most remarkable !”

At some places the Pathan powers of endurance were tried to the utmost by the behaviour of the opposing teams, but the Bannu boys were learning self-discipline as well as football !

“On July 6th we reached Multan at 8.15, and were met at the station by some of the boys

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

and masters of the Mission School, who drove us up to the bungalow. The match began at seven o'clock, and as the umpire was most incompetent we had some trouble. Within three minutes of the kick-off Rabb Nawaz scored the first goal for Bannu, and about ten minutes later another goal was scored, but was ruled off-side. For a long time the ball was kept at the Multan end, and their goal was uniformly hard pressed ; yet still another goal, which seemed to the on-lookers absolutely right, was ruled off-side. Then a very small cause led to a fight, and our boys were unable to bear any more and ran to the rescue of one of their number, who was being mishandled. The two parties were separated with difficulty ; the game had to be brought to an end, our boys remaining victors by 1 to 0."

One of their best games was against the " City Club " on the Oval in Bombay. Dr. Pennell describes it thus :

" There was a good assemblage on the ground, and much interest was exhibited in our team. Play began at 6 p.m. Within five minutes Harnam Singh got a corner kick, and placed it so well that it grazed one of the opponents and

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

slipped into the goal. A few minutes later Gurhmukh Das secured a good goal after some quick passing. Play was even for some minutes, when the City Club made a run up ; one of their wings made a shot which our goalkeeper failed to stop, and a few minutes later a scrimmage in front of our goal resulted in a second goal against us.

“ Half-time thus left us with two goals each. After this our boys played up well ; the forwards did some good passing, and Ahmad Khan secured a third goal. We were all hoping to win, but just on the stroke of time the City Club made a rush and kicked a goal.”

At Hyderabad in the Deccan they met their first defeat. The Nizam's College had an excellent team and two of the English professors were playing for them. They very soon showed their superiority, and scored their first goal by an excellent shot from the outside right wing. The Bannu boys worked hard, but the other team was the stronger and better, and added two more goals before half-time.

Bannu then worked desperately to defeat them, but to no avail. Hyderabad added yet another goal to the score, and the game ended

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

with 4 to 0 against Bannu. The Bannu boys were very sad, for defeat always left them depressed to the last degree; but Dr. Pennell was greatly cheered when the Principal of the Nizam's College congratulated him and his team, saying he had never seen boys play more fairly and with less fouling.

The second match played by the Bannu team in Hyderabad was more successful than their first essay. They had had two or three days' rest, and so were in better form, instead of being fatigued by thirty-six hours of travel, as they had been in the first match. They scored 2-0, and felt their self-respect restored.

Their next match against the railway team was a most exciting one. Both teams were good and fairly well matched, so the ball was kept travelling from end to end of the field. Rabb Nawaz, the Bannu goalkeeper, was most skilful in saving the goal several times. Their opponents' goalkeeper was similarly on the alert. Play was very fast and furious. Bannu played up well, but could not score a goal. The spectators cheered them with shouts of "Go on, Bannu!" "Well played, Bannu!" and the boys worked desperately hard. Their best shots at goal were frustrated by the vigilance of their

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

opponents' most excellent goalkeeper, and time was called before either side was able to score a point. They were all too exhausted, however, to play extra time, and the game was left a draw.

At Calcutta Dr. Pennell got ill, and had actually to go to bed for two days. They seemed to be beset by ill-luck here. Besides Dr. Pennell's illness, he lost a bank-note for a hundred rupees from his pocket-book. The boys, too, were not at all in good form, and played a very poor game against the Calcutta Mission School; the score was only 1-0. Next day they played another Calcutta team, the ground being very sodden and covered with long grass. The Frontier boys were quite unused to these conditions, and were at a great disadvantage. They found that the rule of the game seemed to be "kick and sit down," only varied by those who sat down before they managed to kick! In a few minutes the players were covered with mud from head to foot, and were unable to run at all. When the Calcutta team had made three goals the Bannu boys began to think perhaps they would play better if unhampered by boots, and so at half-time several of them discarded theirs and played barefoot. But

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

though they made a much better fight, they were unable to score at all, and lost the game by four goals. Their next match they lost also.

From here they went to Krishnagar, and then returned to Calcutta. The team had broken up into two parties to get breakfast, and Dr. Pennell went down to get their tickets at the station.

It was a hot day, and coming back he stopped to get a glass of lemonade in a shop, when he suddenly became aware of an excited mob running to and fro, while the shopkeepers began putting up their shutters. Not realising that his own boys were involved in the row, Dr. Pennell made his way back to the Mission hostel, where he and his boys were staying. Here he found one of the team with his face covered with blood, and from him he learnt that several of the others were injured and had been taken to the hospital. Immediately he set off, and to his horror found six of his boys lying wounded in the casualty ward, covered with blood and mud, their clothes torn, their faces unrecognisable. It appeared that nine of them had gone into an eating-house to get breakfast, when they noticed a large crowd of many hundreds outside. Having no suspicion

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

that they had any reason to avoid the mob, they ate their breakfasts, and then started for home. No sooner did they appear outside when a cry of "These are the kidnappers ! kill them ! kill them !" arose, and a shower of stones and brickbats came down on these unfortunate youths. Being taken unawares, and having nothing wherewith to defend themselves against these overpowering numbers, they were soon so severely injured that five of them were left unconscious and were thrown into a little alley. One escaped to the hostel, and one got into a passing carriage ; one was befriended by a Bengali gentleman, and one was saved by an Englishman who was passing and saw him being belaboured by a crowd of ruffians, though he had been knocked down and was lying senseless in the street. The Englishman, being taken by the mob for a friend of the Afghans, was set upon, and one cowardly creature coming up behind turned a basket over his head ; if it had not been for some friendly Indians who rescued him, he too would have been beaten into unconsciousness.

The whole uproar had arisen from some foolish rumours that the Afghans were trying to kidnap Bengali children, and the innocent

THE FOOTBALL TOUR

footballers being obviously Afghans were thus set upon.

This brought their tour to an untimely end, for their injuries prevented any more games, and the tedious processes of the law courts kept them in Calcutta for some time.

Their return to Bannu, however, was a triumphant one, all the civil officials of the city coming out to meet them ; and their school-fellows contributing to the rejoicings that greeted their return.

CHAPTER XI
HOSPITAL PATIENTS

CHAPTER XI

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

THE Afghan Medical Mission has patients from all parts of Afghanistan. Wild tribesmen from over the Frontier who are wounded in their feudal fights, or who have diseases of the eye, or fever, or indeed any kind of illness, come from far over the Border to the hospital.

In the early days of Dr. Pennell's medical work at Bannu, a woman named Dur Jamala, or the "Beautiful Pearl," was admitted for cataract. Mrs. Croker Pennell writes :

"Hers was a very sad case. Her husband, who was also almost blind from cataract, had heard in their far-distant home, Kabul, that an English doctor had come to Bannu who could *cure all eyes*. So, getting together all they could, which only came to about eighteen shillings, they both started on foot with their only child, a little girl of ten, to wend their

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

weary way to the goal in view. But before they had got far on their way—in a lonely part of the road—some cruel men robbed her husband of all his savings, beating him to death before her, and then went off, taking with them her only child, and leaving her alone and crushed with grief. From that time it took her just ten months to get to Bannu, having been helped first by one and then another on the way.

“She reached the hospital very worn and weary, and in rags, and was thankful to get into a comfortable bed. The operation was successful, and resulted in her having good sight in one eye. But meanwhile someone had frightened her, telling her ‘hell would be her punishment for listening to our teaching.’ She cried very much, and refused to have her other eye operated on, and refused to listen to a word more of *our wicked religion*, and left us. We saw no more of her for about four months, when she appeared one day at the dispensary in great pain, with a suppurating eye. She had been to a native doctor for her other eye, and had suffered so much that she felt she must come back. Poor thing! her eye had to be excised, and since then (for she remains in Bannu) she

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

is often among the out-patients. So she has heard the gospel tidings time after time, but remains untouched, saying as, alas ! so many do, ‘Your medicine is very good, but your religion is wicked.’ ”

An account written by Mrs. Croker Pennell gives a picture of some of the patients in the hospital at one time.

“Two of the wards have windows looking out upon the public road, and several times men have begged not to be put in those wards, saying they feared an enemy might fire in on them and kill them ; so bitter are the blood feuds and so relentless the revenge of many of the hill tribes. Only a few weeks ago we had a very sad case—a fine Waziri of magnificent physique—brought on a bed by his broken-hearted father, with his thigh completely shattered by a Martini-Henry rifle while trying to protect his cattle from being driven off by Waziris of another clan. When they were told that the only chance of saving his life was amputation, they refused ; the poor father, weeping bitterly, said that if his son were to die after amputation people would say it was the

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

operation he died of, and he would lose his right of going off to shoot the murderer of his son. Therefore the poor fellow was carried away *in statu quo* to die, leaving the unhappy father to return to the hills and carry death into another home. And this is, alas! by no means a solitary case. Men often after weeks of suffering go away with wounds healed, yet with the fixed determination of shooting someone else.

“For over two months we had a woman, Sabara by name, in the ‘Faith’ bed. She, poor thing, was on her way to the hospital riding on a horse, when the animal slipped and fell, rolling over her, and when she reached us, besides being badly bruised, she had a compound fracture of the right humerus and simple fracture of both left and right femur. She was in a pitiable plight, and one hardly knew where to begin the bandaging; her mother and sister remained to nurse her, and a greater pattern of patience than Sabara it would be difficult to find. Everything that could possibly be done was tried, but all in vain. Owing to the nature of her disease (rickets) the bones remained ununited, and though she was told that cure was impossible, that she would never be able to

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

leave her bed, but that she might remain in the hospital, yet both she and her relations, though most grateful for all the care that had been bestowed on her, preferred to return to their village home.

“ Let me take you now to Bed 23, the ‘ Conway Cot.’ Here for four long months a lad of seventeen has been lying with necrosis of the tibia. Five times has he had to lie on the operation table, and yet never a grumble, never a complaint, all so patiently borne, and often a bright smile of gratitude would light up the thin, wan face at any kindness shown. And yet he was alone; no friends came to visit him. Here was one, full of pain, disease, and poverty, who never complained, and was thankful even for a kind word or a bit of sweetmeat.

“ In Bed 26, the ‘ Southsea Cot,’ for over two months was Zaman, a noted thief. He came in extremely ill with chronic dysentery, lingered on, with many ups and downs, for many weeks, and died in the hospital, often professing he believed the story that was read to him, but showing no signs of repentance. But when told that there was no hope of his recovery he at once had the police sent for, so as to give them

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

the names of some of his former friends, hoping thereby not only to get them caught and punished in revenge for their having thrown him off when too weak and ill to join in their nefarious practices, but also hoping to be paid for the information given. He gradually became weaker, and slowly passed away, saying he *believed* ; but He alone who readeth the heart knoweth."

It is difficult for Pathans to see the necessity of a cutting operation under certain conditions when what they have regarded as similar cases have been cured without a knife.

A young Pathan lad was brought to the hospital in great pain. His condition demanded a big operation. The elder brother could not for some time be brought to consent to this procedure ; at last he was persuaded, but he insisted on standing by his little brother, and reiterated at intervals, "If he dies, I'll take your life for his. If he dies, I'll take your life !" and he meant it too. Those who stood by saw with wonder how unaffected Dr. Pennell was by this blustering person, and day after day, as the boy hung between life and death, the elder brother sat by his head night and day, and

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

whenever anyone went near they heard him mutter, "If he dies, I'll take your life!" But at last the day came when danger no longer threatened, and the little fellow would smile a welcome to his loved doctor, and the brother's affection was slowly won; but later, when he was asked if he had really meant to take revenge in the event of the boy's death, he calmly replied, "Of course I should have kept my word."

The following is an account of some of the cases in the Bannu hospital in the spring of 1911:

"We have had several very interesting cases lately, some of them victims of the dreadful feuds that make our Border tribes seem very like the clans of earlier days in Scotland.

"One Sunday morning while we were at church, a picturesque group of Waziris came into the compound bearing one of their people on a *charpoy* (or string bed). Great wild fellows they looked, well-built and muscular, and with quite fine faces, though unkempt and fierce. But they were very gentle with the wounded man, and very anxious to hear the

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

doctor's verdict. The poor man was shot through the shoulder, and was very bad. On inquiring into the story, we found that the fight had begun by a camel straying from one village to another, and the people to whom it had gone refusing to give it up, the first village demanded something or someone in exchange. As they got no compensation for their camel, they stole a woman! Of course, this could not be borne, and so a big fight began between the two little villages, and in the fray two men were killed and several wounded. The man who was brought in belonged to the village that had killed the two men, and so they were very nervous, because the rules of the Waziris hold it a point of honour to go on till both sides have killed the same number.

“It was with great trepidation next day that they saw another cavalcade coming in. This time it was a wounded man of the other party, and twenty strong Waziris accompanied him. His wound was slighter than the first man's, but both of them had the unpleasant treatment that so often ends fatally—a goat had been killed and its reeking skin tied over the wound in each case. The two parties were kept at the two extreme ends of the hospital,



THE INDUS RIVER

The boy is travelling down the river on a "kik" or inflated skin. The men on the bank are carrying theirs up the river as they can only be used when travelling with the stream.



FERRYING ACROSS THE RIVER INDUS

The rapids between Torbela and Attock

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

because, though they might not attempt to have their vengeance here, yet the man who was badly wounded was in such a state of nervousness, lying ill and unarmed, that his temperature went up and he was getting worse.

“Another gunshot case is an old woman about seventy. She was out with her son, who had a loaded gun in his hand. It went off inadvertently, and shot her in the left shoulder, shattering the bone. She came to us a fortnight after, very bad indeed ; an operation was done and the bullet extracted from the bone, where it was embedded. The old lady is very happy now, and her devoted son comes and gazes at her with great thankfulness. He is very anxious to take her home to the hills and do her daily dressings himself.”

Dr. Pennell was once travelling across the Indus district, where he had to change from his riding camel to a ferry-boat, according to the condition of the river, the shallow stretches being fordable, while here and there a freshet was deep enough to necessitate a boat. The riding and baggage camels of course shared the boat with the passengers, and as this embarka-

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

tion was taking place the camel carrying the luggage missed his footing, stumbled, and upset the tabloid chest of medicines, the contents of which were scattered on the sand. It was only possible to restore to their labelled bottles the coloured tabloids, the white ones being absolutely indistinguishable from one another.

A canny villager who disliked waste, begged to be allowed to collect these discarded pills. He was warned of their uselessness and risk in this anonymous condition; but, quite undaunted, he laboriously collected the precious tabloids, and carried them away with him.

Some years later, Dr. Pennell, passing through this village, noticed that it boasted a village *Hakeem* (or doctor). To his amusement he recognised in him his old friend of the pill episode.

The shop displayed a shelf full of Indian medicines, among which was conspicuous a large bottle labelled "Assorted Pills."

"What are those?" inquired Dr. Pennell.

"Those, Sahib," said the man, with pride, "are more sought after than any of my drugs; they are the pills you threw away three years ago."

"But surely," was the horrified reply, "you

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

daren't prescribe those in total ignorance of their properties ! ”

“ Indeed yes, Sahib, for I only give them to patients whose cases I do not understand ! ”

CHAPTER XII

BORDER TALES

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BORDER TALES

CHIKKI THE FREEBOOTER

IT was in the summer of 1896 that Dr. Pennell was invited up to the Fort of Chikki, the freebooter, in Chinarak, a visit he describes as follows :

“ Chikki was only a miller’s hand, and earned his living on one of the numerous water-mills which abound on the mountain streams of the Afghan Frontier. But his stalwart frame, sinewy and muscular beyond the common even even for an Afghan mountaineer, and the firm set of his features marked him out as having a character something above the common, and one which would not remain content with the humdrum duties of a mill and its poor pay. Chikki soon became a member of a gang of desperadoes who used to waylay travellers, and proved himself so recklessly daring that he soon became their recognised leader. Not, however,

BORDER TALES

satisfied with the spoils of these expeditions, he sought to increase his assets in a still less scrupulous manner, and he began to take rewards from all and sundry who had enemies whom they wished to dispose of while preferring the expenditure of a few hundred rupees to the risk of murdering their enemy themselves. Chikki became so experienced and reliable in these little businesses that he was in constant request ; for on the Afghan Border disputes are frequent and generally lead to bloodshed, which, in its turn, means retaliation, so that even a trivial quarrel may lead to a sacrifice of several lives on either side extending over a period of some years. When the man marked out for removal was powerful or rich or of well-known bravery, then the reward would be correspondingly large ; so that before long not only did Chikki no longer find it necessary to go to the old mill, but he found himself the leader of the wild spirits of his tribe. At this time a fresh opportunity arose, of which he was not slow to avail himself. The neighbouring tribe of Turis was split up into two sections, and strife between the two parties had reached an acute phase, and both approached Chikki to secure the assistance of his band against their opponents. Chikki

BORDER TALES

was too crafty to give himself away to either party unreservedly, so he contrived, by sometimes helping one and sometimes the other, and deceiving both, to accumulate treasure from both and increase still further his credit in his own tribe. Chikki's fortune was still in the ascendant, for in another few years tribal feud and assassination had removed all who had a claim to the leadership of the tribe, and when the tribal greybeards met together no one was found more worthy to entrust the fortunes of the tribe to than this man, who had proved himself not only a warrior *sans peur et sans reproche* (according to Afghan ideas), but just the man for an emergency like the present. Thus it came about that when scarcely over thirty years of age Chikki found himself the recognised leader of his tribe, and the owner of extensive lands and treasure. The picture, of course, has its reverse and darker side. Chikki's enemies were in proportion to his victims; consequently neither by night nor by day could he dispense with the continual presence of his bodyguard of a dozen or more stalwarts, all armed with modern breechloaders.

“It was about this time that, hearing I was in the neighbourhood, and knowing a good deal

BORDER TALES

by report of the Mission hospital where many of his tribe had received treatment and cure, he sent me down an invitation and an escort to visit him in his mountain home. He proved an excellent host, though he would not let me wander far for fear any harm coming to me should discredit him. Devout in the ordinances of the Muhammadan religion, he divided his time between the management and defence of his tribe and religious devotions. He showed me one Pushtu prayer he had composed himself, in which he prayed that his bullet might not miss its mark ; this he said he repeated, before taking aim at anyone, 'in the name of God the merciful and the compassionate,' and (he said) it was always accepted. Though very religious, he was not bigoted, and besides asking many questions about the British Government, its power, policy, aims, and so on, he appeared much to enjoy a religious discussion between his Mullah (priest) and myself, and he listened with great attention when I explained to him the merciful and loving nature of Christ's mission, and the blessings that are promised to the merciful and to the peacemakers ; these latter verses seemed to strike him much. Not many months elapsed when the Afridi and

BORDER TALES

Orakzai tribes round him rose in arms against the British Government ; and I much wondered how my friend Chikki would act, and whether he would unite his forces with those of the neighbouring tribes and defy the English power. Such would have been much the easiest course for him to pursue in some respects, as all the Mullahs were preaching up and down the country that it was a religious war, in which all true believers were bound to unite in expelling the infidels. Moreover, his country was so situated that the thousands of marksmen he could have at a moment thrown into the conflict at a point of vantage would have had no little effect on the course of the war, and pressure was brought on him from both sides—from the Afridis to take up arms and make common cause with them, and from the English to remain passive. Fortunately for himself as well as for ourselves, he chose the better policy of abstention. Not long after this he sent a message to me through a mutual friend, saying that he had been thinking much of the teaching he had heard from me, and that he intended giving up the life of constant fighting and bloodshed and devoting himself to religious study and administrative work.

BORDER TALES

“Soon after I heard that he had sold up his lands, and had taken an administrative post under the Amir of Cabul. I have no doubt that the Pushtu ‘Injil’ and other books I left with him are often studied, and that here, as in many other cases, the introduction of the gospel has resulted in bringing thoughts of peace and good-will where before bloodshed, retaliation, and violence reigned supreme.”

When Dr. Pennell began his work on the Frontier the Muhammadan priests (called Mullahs) were very angry that he was getting an influence over their followers, some of whom even forsook Muhammadanism and embraced Christianity. And not only were young boys being attracted, but even some Mullahs had joined the sect of Christians, all of whom the Mullahs pronounced unbelievers or *Kafirs*.

The more bigoted among them preached that it would be lawful to flog this dangerous Englishman, and tried hard to work their followers up to the pitch of committing *ghaza*, *i.e.* killing an unbeliever with the hope of attaining Paradise thereby.

News was brought to Dr. Pennell that a certain Mullah greatly desired his death, and preached its necessity to one and all. Immedi-

BORDER TALES

ately Dr. Pennell set out for his village, and arriving there unarmed and alone greatly embarrassed the bloodthirsty Mullah, who could not but be won by this fearlessness.

“You have been preaching that it would be lawful to murder me, Mullah Sahib,” said Dr. Pennell, after the first greetings were over, “and I have come to ask you why you think so.”

Then over a friendly meal they discussed this vital question, and many deep questions, with the result that Dr. Pennell won over this Mullah to be his friend.

Another time a Mullah had preached this same fanatic deed, and Dr. Pennell went to see him. When he arrived at his mosque, several miles away from Bannu, the Mullah was away, but his sons debated on whether they should or should not entertain the *Bannu Padre Sahib*.

Finally they decided to do so, and prepared a meal. The Mullah coming home began to talk to Dr. Pennell, and very soon began to wonder why he had thought him an enemy. So, to mark his sense of friendship, he ate with him, and far and wide the word went forth that the Mullah was the Padre Sahib's friend,

BORDER TALES

they had eaten together and so he could not be killed.

It was a warm summer night, and everyone was sleeping out of doors. The Mullah now having turned friendly realised Dr. Pennell's danger among his hot-headed *talibs* (or followers) burning to win Paradise.

He placed him well in the centre of the row of beds, with trusty men beside him. Dr. Pennell, however, with no thought of danger, exhausted after his long day's ride, fell asleep as soon as he lay down. And while he slept a band of young fanatics arrived at the mosque, having tracked their innocent victim there. "Let us kill him," said they, "now we have him safely here." Outside the restricting limits of British surveillance, even the Mullah's "dish" of peace would not have restrained these youths; but as they approached him, the Mullah exclaimed, "But we cannot do it : he is unarmed, to begin with, and has come here of his own accord; not only that, but see how completely he trusts us, he sleeps there as unconcernedly as if he were surrounded by a host of soldiers. How can we kill a man so fearless and so trusting?" And so he was saved.

BORDER TALES

Once when the raiders were on the war-path and were harrying villages, carrying away Hindus and holding them to ransom, Dr. Pennell was riding by night, as his custom was in the hot weather, to an outlying mission station. The track was not easy to see, and the night grew dark. Remembering that before dawn there would be a moon to light the way, he thought he would snatch a couple of hours' sleep in preparation for the long day's work ahead of him.

So he dismounted, and telling his trusty mare to stand guard he lay down and slept, with his turban for pillow, on the dry bare ground.

And then in the still night the raiders happened just that way.

To their amazement they saw the *Bannu Padre Sahib* calmly asleep, without the faintest effort at self-defence, and this when it was known they were abroad to strike terror to the hearts of all unbelievers, and indeed to the hearts of all men. But as they stood by debating what they should do—kill him and rob him, or only rob him—they suddenly realised that it would be the act of the basest coward to kill a man who had no fear, who not only travelled

BORDER TALES

alone and unarmed, but even slept unarmed in the very line of danger. So again his fortunate capacity for sleeping in the face of peril won him safety, for a Pathan has a great respect for courage.

CHAPTER XIII

HOSPITAL PATIENTS—(*continued*)

CHAPTER XIII

HOSPITAL PATIENTS (*continued*)

THE DIFFICULTIES OF FRONTIER TRAVELLING— THE STORY OF MANAK KHAN

DR. PENNELL'S story of Manak Khan from his own book gives a vivid picture of the difficulties to be faced by patients coming to the Bannu Hospital from their distant homes.

Dr. Pennell writes :

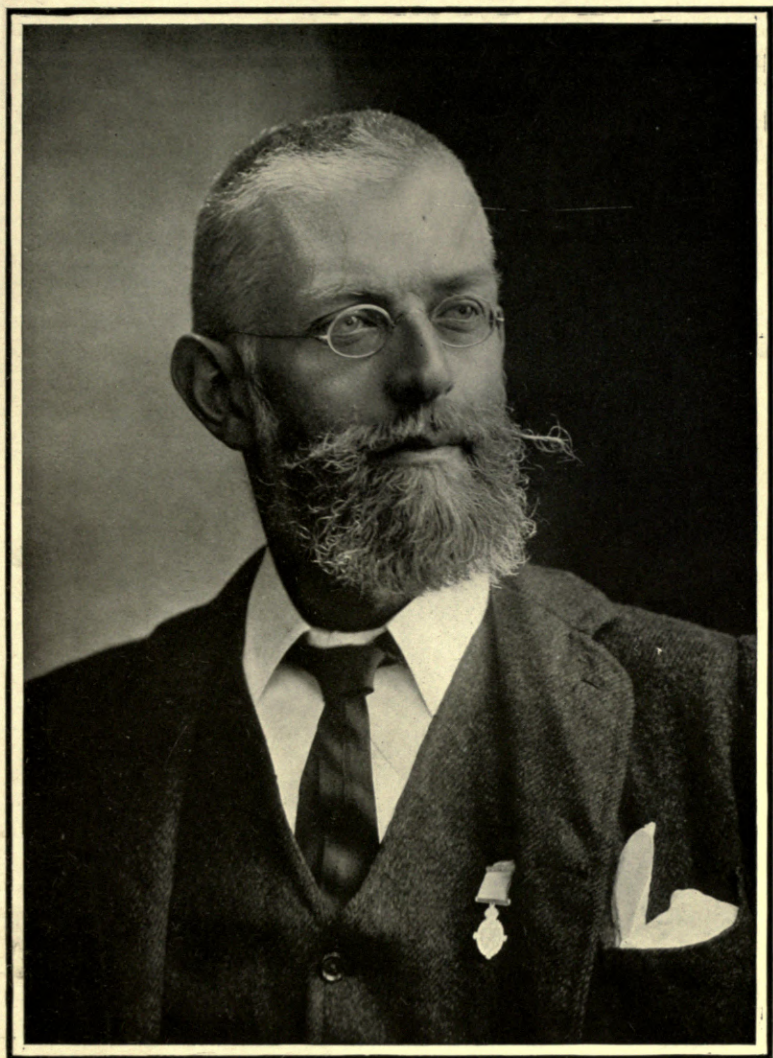
“ It is evening, and a party of Lohani merchants are slowly defiling with their camels through the Tochi Pass, one of the mountain gorges which connect our Indian Empire with Afghanistan, and the sun's last beams are shining in the faces of a dozen stalwart men now returning to their homes near Ghuzni with the proceeds of their winter's trading on the plains of India. The men and some five or six women are on foot, while their children and two

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

or three more women are mounted on some of the camels, which would otherwise be returning unladen, their loads having been sold in Multan. The women, veiled as usual, show little more to the passer-by than one eye and a small triangular piece of cheek; while the men are either holding the nose-strings of the camels, or walking beside them with their guns over their shoulders and a pistol and long knife or sword peeping out from their open cloak; for the weather is getting hot now with approaching summer, and they are passing through the hostile country of the Waziris, that wild Border tribe who think it their ancestral right to harass and plunder the merchant caravans passing through their district as much as opportunity allows.

“Among the merchants we are struck by one fine, tall, broad-shouldered fellow, stalking along by the side of the foremost of his three camels, his gun and sword ready for use, but, in the absence of any sign of the enemy, walking at ease, humming quietly to himself a native ditty, in expectation of speedily seeing his home again, and rejoining his wife and three children, who have not accompanied him on this journey.

“These three camels form his wealth and



DR. PENNELL

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

the centre of his hopes and prospects, for by means of them does he yearly take down his merchandise of skins and fruit to the markets of India, and return in early summer—it is now the month of May—with the proceeds to his home.

“Manak Khan—for that is his name—has been down many a winter now with his three camels to the Derajat, or that part of India nearest Afghanistan, and has had more than one scuffle with the Waziris while passing through their land, in defence of his little stock-in-trade. His fellow-travellers evidently consider him one of their boldest and best men, for it requires no little knowledge of the country, and courage too, to lead a party composed largely of women and children, and encumbered by a lot of baggage, through mountain passes, where they are daily and nightly exposed to the attacks of the mountaineers hiding behind the rocks, or crowning the heights on either side, and thirsting for their small possessions.

“The sun has now disappeared behind the hill before them, and, like good Muhammadans, they make a brief halt for the evening prayers. The men cleanse their hands and feet with

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

sand—for there is no water to be had here—and, selecting a smooth piece of ground, spread their shawl, and, facing the Holy City, perform the requisite number of genuflections and call on God.

“Suddenly there is the loud report of several guns; the bullets whistle through the midst of the party, and in a moment all is confusion and uproar. The camels start up and try to escape; the women seize their children or the camel-ropes; while the men snatch their guns, which had been just now put down, and hastily take aim at some dozen men running down the mountain side in the direction of the camels, with their long knives ready for action. But the first volley had not been without effect: Manak Khan is lying on the ground, blood flowing fast from a wound in his left leg just above the knee, and anxiously is he watching what is now a hand-to-hand conflict close by him. The Waziris have rushed among the camels and have cut their cords, and are attempting to drive them off; while the other merchants, having discharged their matchlocks, attack them with their swords, and camels and men are mingled in one shouting, slashing mêlée.

“Fortunately for the Lohanis, two of the

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

leading Wazirs fall quickly with fatal sword wounds, and the remainder, seeing that the Lohanis have not been caught napping and that the tide is turning against them, make off as quickly as they appeared, and the merchants have far too much to do in quieting their frightened camels to think of a pursuit. A hasty council is held. It is found that one man has his arm broken by a sword-cut, and Manak Khan has his leg broken, the ball having passed through the bone and opened the knee-joint, while most of the remainder can show smaller cuts.

“The women now come to the rescue. A veil is torn up and the wounds bound, some being stitched by the women pulling hairs out of their own heads, and using their ordinary sewing-needles on their husbands’ skin. An immediate march is resolved upon, but then comes the difficulty about Manak Khan. Moving him causes him great pain and the blood to gush forth afresh, while to leave him is out of the question, for his throat would be cut long before morning. Whatever may be the faults of an Afghan, he is not one to forsake a friend in the hour of need, and so it proves here. A piece of cloth is half burnt, and the blackened shreds,

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

soaked with oil, rubbed over the wound, and the leg then bound to a musket with the ample folds of a shawl, and, lastly, our hero is tied on a rough bed, and mounted high on the back of a camel.

“Great were the lamentations when Manak Khan reached his village home; and instead of his strong step and hearty greeting consoling his wife for her long winter of separation, she came forth only to see the pain-marked face and helpless form carried in on a bed, and to hear the account of the night attack in the dread Tochi Pass. “Bismillah! let the will of God be done,” consoles the village Mullah, while some practical friend starts off for the nearest *hakim* (or doctor). The latter shortly arrives; and the wife retires into the cottage, while the greybeards assemble in the courtyard to offer their bits of experience and advice, and vow vengeance over the Quran on the luckless Wazirs who committed the deed.

“After no little ceremony and interchange of ideas, the doctor decides on a combination of two remedies, for the case is a serious one: the leg is greatly swollen from the groin to the calf, and unhealthy matter is issuing from both the apertures of entry and exit of the bullet,

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

while the shattered bones grate on each other, and cause the man to bite convulsively the rolled-up end of his turban, on the slightest movement.

“For the first remedy a fat sheep is bought and slain and immediately skinned, the reeking skin being applied at once to the bare leg, with the bloody side next the skin, from groin to heel, and the whole bound up and placed in the hollow formed by burning out the central core from the half of a three-foot length of tree-trunk.

“For the second remedy a message is sent to a certain religious devotee, who has an asylum in the neighbourhood and a great reputation for charms which will cure all manner of diseases (when it is the will of God that they shall be cured). Next day he arrives, clad in simple goatskin with the hair outside and a cap of similar material. Many long prayers are gone through with the help of the Mullah, and at last a small piece of printed paper torn from an Arabic tract is produced, and carefully sewn up in a small piece of leather, and tied in the name of God around the man’s ankle.

“Then comes the last ceremony, and one not to be overlooked on any account—that of

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

providing a feast at the sick man's expense for all parties concerned. His little store of rupees is fetched out, and returns lighter by a third to the folds of the old turban in which it was carefully hoarded, while the charm-maker is seen leading away a fine milch goat.

"Day follows day, and night follows night, but still Manak Khan lies tossing feverish on a bed of pain, and still is the patient Sadura watching by his bedside, and daily bringing in fresh milk and butter and sugar, and making tempting pancakes, only to be left half tasted by the fever-stricken frame of her loved one. At the last the tenth day comes, on which the sheepskin is to be removed, and the *hakim* comes, and the Mullah comes, and the grey-beards come, and prayers are read, and money is given; but, to the disappointment of all, the limb is found no better, swollen as before, and bathed in evil-smelling matter, which makes his friends, all but his faithful wife, bind a fold or two of their turbans over their noses and mouths.

"So week follows week. One herb is tried after another; the last of his rupees disappears among the *hakims*, for, peradventure, think they, the doctor did not heal it at once because

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

his fee was not high enough, so a larger fee is given, and a hint that if only he will say for what price he will speedily heal it, they will go all lengths to pay him; for it must be unwillingness, not incapability, that prevents his doing so.

“So two months passed away, but still the limb was swollen and sore, still was he unable to rise from his bed of pain.

“Then they determined to send a messenger to the neighbouring town of Ghuzni, and call in a doctor of great repute from there. True, his charge was high—one of the three camels must be sold to defray it—but what hope was there for them with the breadwinner hopelessly crippled? So the messenger went and the doctor came, and his remedy was tried. Two bunches of wool were thoroughly soaked in oil and then set fire to, and fastened on the skin near the knee; the pain was great, but Manak Khan stood it bravely, tightly biting his turban-end and grasping his friend’s arm in a spasmodic grip. When the burnt flesh separated after a few days the ulcers left were dressed with some leaves from a plant growing on the shrine of a noted saint, and renewed every two or three days. Still there was no improvement, though

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

charms and amulets were bought at high prices from many a saint, and the Ghuzni doctor came again and took away his second camel.

“Manak Khan and Sadura were beginning to lose all hope, when one day a traveller was passing through their village on the road to Kabul, and as he was sitting with the villagers, telling them the latest news from India, one of them asked him about a scar on his left arm.

“‘Ah,’ he said ‘when I was in Dera Ismaïl Khan I had a terrible abscess; but there was an English doctor there, and he lanced it, and got it quite well in a couple of weeks; and,” he went on, “numbers of people have been going to him, and I have seen some wonderful cures.’

“‘Really!’ say they; ‘and had you to pay him a great deal?’”

“‘No; that is the strange part: he will not take any money from anyone, but sees all the people that go to him, be they ever so poor, for nothing.’”

“‘That cannot be; he must have a reason behind it all.’”

“‘No, not unless it be this—that you know he is a *Feringi*, and, like all other *Feringis*, an unbeliever; but, more than that, he seems to

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

want all the people to believe on Hazrat 'Esa ' (Lord Jesus) 'as being the Son of God ' (here the Mullah and several of the men spit on the ground and say, 'Tauba, tauba'), 'and to this end he has got an assistant who preaches to all the people who go to him and tells them about Hazrat 'Esa, and how he was a *hakim* and cured people.'

" ' Well, this is strange, but I wonder if he could cure Manak Khan.'

" And so all particulars are asked, and the advice of all the greybeards, while Manak Khan catches at the idea as a dying man at a straw. Sadura, however, is not so easily convinced. She did not relish the idea of her husband being separated from her once more, and moreover, said she, where the doctor of Ghuzni had failed, how was it likely that another doctor, and he a blasphemer of their Prophet, would succeed ?

" So the idea was waived for a time, and things went on as before, while their last camel was sold to pay their increasing debts, and gloom settled on the little circle. But as the September days were lengthening and still no hope appeared, they settled that they would try the *Feringi's* medicine. But then came the

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

difficulty as to ways and means; their last camel had been sold, and Manak had no friends who would take him down to the plains free of expense.

“At last a bright idea struck them: their little daughter, Gul Bibi, was now seven years old, and many a man would be willing to lend eighty or ninety rupees on condition of her being kept for his wife. And so it was settled: the bargain was struck, and with the proceeds a man was engaged to take him on camel-back down to the Derajat plains. The village carpenter made a kind of litter, which could be fastened on the back of a camel, and as his wife must stop for the children, his old mother volunteered to take the journey with him and tend him through it.

“It was a sad farewell this time, and long did Sadura stand at the outskirts of the village watching the camel and its precious burden, with the old mother and sturdy camel-driver trudging by the side, gradually disappear round a corner of the defile.

“On the seventh day they emerged from the Gomal Pass on to the Plain of Tank, and here they stayed a little to recuperate with the kind Dr. John Williams, of the Christian hospital

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

there; then going on till the trees and mud-houses of Dera Ismaïl Khan came in sight. Here a fresh disappointment awaited them: the *Feringi* doctor had left Dera, and gone to carry on his work in Bannu, one hundred miles farther. But what cannot be cured must be endured, and so the camel's head is turned towards Bannu, and the weary march resumed once more. Five days later, as the evening was drawing on—it was now late in November—Bannu was reached, and the new *Feringi* doctor inquired for; and a few minutes later the camel, with its strange burden, came through the gates of the Mission compound, and the long tedium of the three hundred miles' journey was brought to a close.

“Such was the story with which Manak Khan came to me, and which he gradually unfolded to me some two months later, as confidence had increased, and I used to sit by his bedside hearing tales of his mountain home. Great was the sorrow with which I had to tell him that his case was incurable, that his leg had become thoroughly disorganised, and amputation was necessary; but, like most of his race, his aversion to the loss of a limb made him prefer the long months of a bed of sickness and the

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

tedious and repeated operations performed in an endeavour to save the limb in a usable condition. In this way he and his mother remained with us till the middle of April, when, as the heat of the plain began to be felt, they were compelled to return to their mountain home, with little or no improvement.

“Yet with one great difference, which lightened up the sadness of his departure : he had learnt to believe on Christ Jesus as his own Saviour, and to look up to Him as the One who carries us safely through sickness and trial, and is preparing a home for us at last ; and very earnestly did he assure me that during the long days of patient suffering in our little Mission hospital he had learnt to lift his heart in prayer to Him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and look up to Him as his Saviour.

“ ‘And,’ said he, ‘if God spares my life, I will tell my people of Him, and come back with my family to be received into the Christian Church.’

“So he left us, and our prayers followed him on his long and painful journey home ; and may it not be that he is a light shining in a dark place, and witnessing in that little Afghan

HOSPITAL PATIENTS

village of how he went for bodily healing, but God saw fit to pour light into his soul instead, and make the very tedium of a protracted illness in the Bannu Mission Hospital the guiding light to heaven ?

“ Every now and again we got news of Manak Khan. He had taken with him some books in the Pushtu language, a New Testament and some others, and these used to be read by a Mullah in his village and some other friends of his who could read. His leg, however, never got well, and was the cause of his death some three years later. When on his death-bed, he directed his wife to go to Bannu with his children and place herself under my protection, and one autumn morning she arrived, with three children. Before she had been with us many days, however, others of her tribe came and warned her that if she stopped with us she would lose her religion, sell herself to the Evil One, and be lost for ever, and they accompanied these admonitions with threats, so that ultimately she left us, and we have not seen her since. But who knows ? Sometimes after the lapse of years these people return to us, and the thread of circumstance is picked up again where it had been cut, as though there

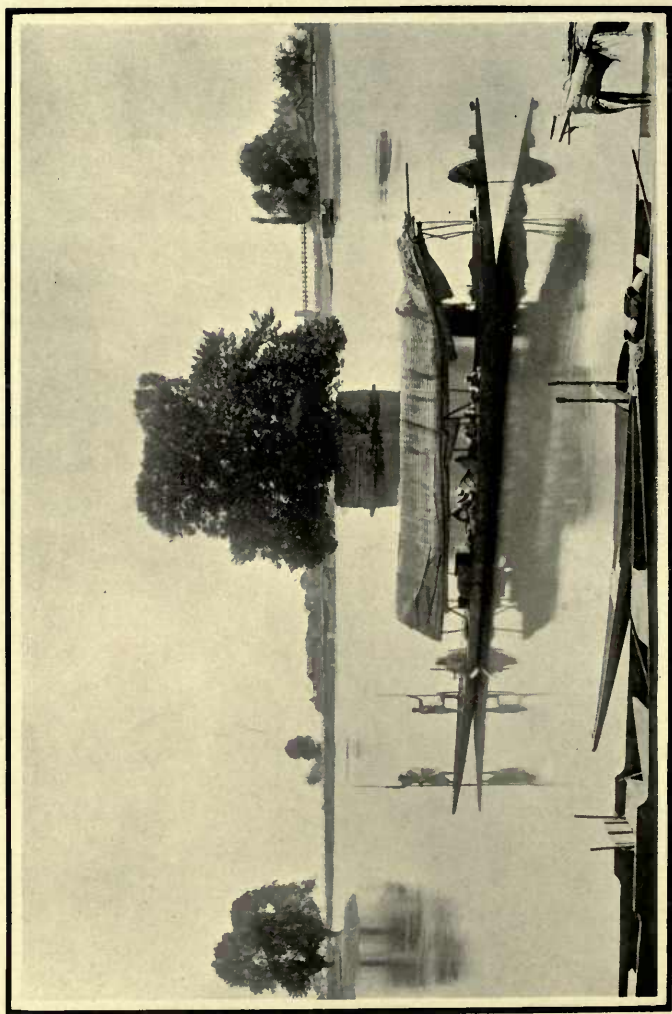
HOSPITAL PATIENTS

had never been any breach of continuity at all ! Or it may be the seed goes on growing in some distant Afghan village unknown to us, but known to and tenderly cared for by Him who will not let even a sparrow fall to the ground without His will, and who has counted among His own many a one now resting in a Muham-madan graveyard against that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed."

CHAPTER XIV

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE—GHAZIS





A DUNGA

A dunga is a large flat-bottomed boat covered with a mat roof and with mats hung round its sides. It is punted or paddled according to the depth of the stream.

CHAPTER XIV

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE—GHAZIS

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN CONOLLY

IN the wards of the Bannu Hospital is a bed dedicated to the memory of this brave officer, whose courage and endurance are a constant inspiration.

In 1841 Captain Conolly was sent on a political mission to Bokhara, which at the time was an independent state, and not, as it is now, under the rule of Russia.

The state was under a Muhammadan ruler, Bahadur Khan, who without adequate reason threw Captain Conolly into prison, where another officer, Colonel Stoddart, was already confined.

The Amir of Bokhara paid no attention to their demands that they were British subjects and therefore must be released. He pretended that he believed them to have come as enemies to stir up the people to revolt.

The officers were deprived of their clothes,

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

being only left with a shirt and a pair of trousers each, a filthy sheepskin being added as a great gift to protect Captain Conolly against the bitter cold of the Bokhara winter.

The servants of these two officers were most barbarously treated, being thrown into a horrible pit known as the Black Well ; they were lowered into its depths by ropes, and then left there.

Captain Conolly managed to secrete a little English Prayer Book, and this was a daily source of comfort to him and his companion.

On the fly-leaves and margin he wrote a diary of their sufferings, and it is from this that the story of those sad days is known.

For days and nights these two suffered agonies, being unable to change their linen or to wash.

Captain Conolly's anxieties were all on behalf of his friend Colonel Stoddart, who had already been three years in this horrible prison, and the sight of his half-naked and much lacerated body was agony to him. He begged the Amir to direct his anger against himself and spare Colonel Stoddart, but of course got no help. Captain Conolly, writing of this time, says : " We prayed together, and we have risen

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

from our knees with hearts comforted as if an angel had spoken to us, resolved, please God, to wear our English honesty and dignity to the last, with all the misery and filth that this monster may try to degrade us with."

The end was tragic. On discovering a piece of lead-pencil and some papers on Colonel Stoddart's person, the Amir ordered that he should be beaten with rods till he disclosed the name of his correspondent. He refused to reveal it, and he was beaten repeatedly for three days. Then the Amir ordered that he should be killed in Captain Conolly's presence, and that the latter should be offered his life if he became a Muhammadan.

The two prisoners were taken into a courtyard, and there, with their hands tied in front of them, they were placed before their graves freshly dug before their eyes.

Colonel Stoddart was beheaded, and then the executioner turned to Captain Conolly and repeated the Amir's offer of his life, if he became a Muhammadan. Of course he indignantly refused, and, bending his head for the knife to fall, he was also executed.

The little Prayer Book with his daily notes in the margins lay in the bazaar in Bokhara for

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

seven years, when a Russian officer, passing through, caught sight of it and bought it. For another fourteen years it lay unclaimed on his table in St. Petersburg, till one day a friend of the Conollys was visiting the Russian officer, and, seeing this book, was allowed to take it to Captain Conolly's relatives. It was thus, twenty-one years after his death, that the story of his brave end was known to his people.

Captain Conolly's sister felt that as her brother had been murdered by Muhammadans for his faith, she would like to support a bed in the Afghan Mission Hospital, where the gospel of peace and forgiveness is put before the wild tribes whose conception of manliness is so distorted that they think it cowardly to forgive!

This story of the Christian idea of forgiveness instead of revenge is often made the text of a conversation with a bloodthirsty frontiersman, writhing under the tortures of an unavenged wrong.

One day a wounded Afghan was brought to the Bannu Hospital on a bed borne of four. He had been shot at close quarters by one of his enemies the night before as he returned from the mosque. The bullet had gone right through his left lung, and though a primitive kind of

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

“first aid” had been given, he was in a very bad condition. For days he hung between life and death, tended by his willing but ignorant relatives. At last he began to recover, and the wound healed. One day he had a request to make of Dr. Pennell. “Sahib,” said he, “I want you to get me some cartridges. See, here are four rupees to buy them.”

“What do you want cartridges for?” inquired Dr. Pennell.

“See, Sahib,” said the patient, pointing to his wound. “I have this score to pay off. I can go and have my revenge as soon as I am well enough.”

“What !” said Dr. Pennell, “can’t you forgo your revenge ? Have you not learnt forgiveness from all the teaching you have had ? We have had so much trouble in nursing you and getting you better, now I suppose in a few days your uncle will be brought in as you were, and we shall have to begin curing him.”

“Don’t fear that, Sahib,” said the incorrigible fellow ; “I am a better shot than he is.”

The consequences of a vendetta are often very far-reaching on the Frontier, and the number of the innocent who suffer far exceeds that of the real offenders. One day a Subadar

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

of the North-West Militia was murdered, and his supposed assassin was in custody. The murdered man's son felt it his privilege (?) to kill his father's murderer, and did so while he was in charge of the police. For this he was hanged, and the two policemen got seven years each for connivance. The man he killed, however, was not the real murderer, and later on two other men were convicted and got seven years each for the murder, the total casualties for the one crime thus being three killed and four sent to penal servitude.

A Waziri woman, whose two brothers had been killed by another Waziri, had been unable to obtain satisfaction from the courts, as no witnesses could be found to give evidence against the murderer, who was a powerful rogue. The poor girl had no peace for the thought of these unavenged deaths, to her mind most terrible, so she resolved to take the law into her own hands, as the British *Sircar* had failed her. Concealing a pistol about her person she came into the thick of the Friday market, mingling with the motley crowd till she came face to face with her brother's murderer and shot him point-blank. She was, of course, arrested at once, and when Dr. Pennell met her later, on her way

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

to penal servitude in the Andaman Isles, all she said was that she "was content, having avenged her brothers' death. For the rest, it was God's will."

A sad event spread gloom over Bannu one November. In Dr. Pennell's words :

"It is a lovely autumn afternoon in the little frontier town of Bannu. The trees round the recreation ground between the city and cantonments are beginning to sere and show variegated tints of yellow and brown. There is an unusual crowd round the greensward which forms the station cricket-pitch, and as it is Friday, the Bannu market-day, a number of Waziris and other hillmen who are coming to and from market stop for a few minutes to gaze on the scene that lies before them, and probably to wonder in their minds what mysterious ultimate object the *Feringis* (English) have in the evolutions they are watching enacted, or whether it is some preliminary to military operations on their own hill fastnesses. Turning to the recreation ground itself, we find that it is a cricket match between the garrison officers and the Mission High School students. The boys have been stealing a number of runs

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

and their score is beginning to draw on towards a century, when the officers put on a new slow bowler, and a succession of unwary batsmen fall victims to his wiles, and soon the innings is over with a score of eighty-eight. The officers begin to bat and the score rises rapidly, then some good catches send several players back to the pavilion (here represented by some shady shisham trees), the score reaches eighty-eight and the last player goes in, a young fair-haired boy, the son of our slow bowler ; the winning run is made and the boy caught at point next ball, and the innings is over.

“ Just one week has passed : again it is market-day, but no tribesmen can be seen anywhere near the recreation ground ; instead we see long lines of khaki-dressed native infantry, while sentries and patrols guard all the roads leading thereto, and all is silent as the grave. Then we see a long procession slowly, silently moving out of the fort, long ranks of native infantry, Sikh, Pathan, and Punjabi Musulman, with slow, measured tread and arms reversed, then a gun-carriage surmounted by a coffin covered with the Union Jack and wreaths, the masterless steed, the mourners, a group of sun-burnt officers of the Frontier Force, and some

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

more troops bring up the rear. It is the funeral of a distinguished Frontier officer, the slow bowler of last Friday, now borne to his last resting-place, the victim of a dastardly Ghazi outrage the day before.

“Just facing the cricket ground is a shady and flowery patch of ground enclosed by a simple brick wall and containing a number of white tombstones ; here lie many gallant officers, military and civil, some killed in action, others, like the present Captain Donaldson, killed by religious fanatics in Bannu and the neighbourhood while in pursuit of their duties ; others again carried off by pestilence and disease. Here, too, in lowlier grass-grown graves, lie a number of the native Christian community. East and West, high and low, all gathered in one small plot, covered with the same mother earth to await their common resurrection, so glorious in its expectations for some, so dread in its possibilities for others.

“Here, just facing the now deserted cricket ground, the long procession halts ; the chaplain, just arrived after a ninety miles’ hasty drive from Dera Ismaïl Khan, begins to recite the solemn verses of the burial service, and the booted and spurred officers do their last brotherly

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

service and shoulder their comrade's coffin from the gun-carriage to the grave. The strains of the 'Last Post' sound forth, a shrill call to the sombre mountains round, as the last rays of the setting sun fall slanting through the foliage on the faces of the mourners; some sharp words of command ring forth from a native officer, the troops wheel about, and all is solitude and silence.

"Only the day before a new regiment was to arrive in Bannu, and, as the custom is, the station regiments were marching out with their band to welcome them in. At the head of the regiment a group of officers were riding, including the officer commanding the district, Colonel Aylmer, V.C., and his Brigade-Major, Captain Donaldson. Just beyond the fort the road narrows a little to pass over a culvert, and the officer on the outside of Captain Donaldson fell back a little to make room for him.

"Behind that culvert a Mahsud Wazir was in hiding, determined to kill an infidel and gain a martyrdom in the most sensational manner possible, so that for many an evening in years to come the tribal bards might sing his praises round the camp fires and in the village *Chaŭks* (meeting-places). Just as Captain Donaldson,

FORGIVENESS AND REVENGE

now on the outside rank, came abreast of him he sprang out, a pistol-shot rang through the air, and the officer fell mortally wounded. There was, of course, no escape for the Mahsud; bullet and bayonet at once disabled him, though he lived long enough to be hanged that afternoon. Our first feelings are those of horror at the enormity of the act, killing a stranger who has never seen or injured him; but who is worthy of our severer judgment, this young and ignorant soldier (for he had recently served in the Border Militia) thirsting for religious fame by a deed of daring, or the Muhammadan priest who had assiduously taught him that all '*Feringis*' (English) were '*Kafirs*' (infidels), and that to kill one of them, in no matter how dastardly a manner, was a sure passport to Paradise, and that eternal joys were awaiting him as the reward of the valour and righteousness of his deed?"

It is easy to see how foreign to all their instinct is the gospel of love and peace. But more than one authority has borne witness to the fact that medical missions are a pacifying agency among these wild tribesmen.

CHAPTER XV

DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER.

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DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER

DR. PENNELL worked among his wild tribes for twenty years. In that time he began and managed the Afghan Medical Mission with its headquarters at Bannu, and branches at Karak, Thal, and Shekh Mahmud. In Karak, in the days of his first visits he was abused, reviled, stoned, refused food or shelter; but he returned again and again with his medicines, and gradually the people became friendly, they learned to trust him, and came to him, not only for the healing of their bodies, but in all their troubles. At Thal, in the Lord Roberts' Hospital, some of the wildest people are treated, and though they rewarded the mission that helped them by stealing drugs and instruments from the hospital, Dr. Pennell had great faith that the civilising effect of a medical mission would teach them gratitude in time, and that if they saw that the teachings of

DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER

Christ inspired people with courage and love, they might be influenced for good.

The Boys' School is one of his most lasting memorials. Whenever an old Bannu boy is found on the Frontier or in India, he will tell of the great love shown him by the "Doctor Sahib" of Bannu; and it is no mean boast that Dr. Pennell's boys are known for their chivalry and courage, their high principles and helpfulness.

He was a man of fearless courage, living among people who would have counted it righteousness to kill him, yet he never carried a weapon.

His energy was indefatigable: from five in the morning till he went to bed at night he gave his whole time to his work, and this was of so varied a character that it is impossible to catalogue his doings. The school and hospital took the greater part of his attention, but he was ready to be of use to anyone who came to him for help, for a trivial or a big cause.

His unfailing courtesy and gentleness endeared him to the aged and poor, in whose hearts he is enshrined.

He had so habituated himself to the austerities of life that it seemed quite natural to him to

DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER

start out on a long journey of thirty or forty miles with no more provision than a flask of water and a *chapatti* (or unleavened bread) of the country. When an unexpected guest—a chief from a village—arrived one night, Dr. Pennell gave him his own bed as there was no other available, while he himself slept on the floor elsewhere.

He worked as an honorary missionary for twenty years, always giving of his substance to the poor and needy, and adding to the Mission funds from his private purse. He was generous to a fault, giving away everything he possessed to anyone in trouble, or for any project that would help his Mission. Once when he had given away all his money, he began selling his gold medals to provide for the needs of an impecunious man and the wards of his hospital.

And all this was done quietly. No one knew till after his death the numberless acts of kindness and generosity that he had done, and indeed not a fraction of them will be known till the day when all things are made clear. But in hamlet and hut, on the dreary hillsides and in distant villages, his name is loved and his memory treasured.

Living among the people, dressing as they

DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER

did, sharing their food, he became not only their trusted healer and teacher, but he was their friend, their one great resource in all their troubles, their guide and helper.

As a doctor his fame was spread abroad throughout the land. His brilliant career as a student did not fail in its promise. He was a first-rate surgeon, eyes being his special hobby. His skilful touch and great dexterity made him one of the most reliable and successful ophthalmic surgeons of India. His great power of diagnosis and his love for medicine were points that made his colleagues marvel, for it is not many men that are good at both surgery and medicine. He had, too, a wonderful power over mad people, and could quiet a raving maniac, sometimes by his mere presence.

With his boys he was an enthusiast at games. He would go to the round with the runners of a morning, would take them swimming, teaching the backward, encouraging the timid; he played football with them, taught them gymnastics, took them paper-chases or out camping, and never wearied of giving them pleasure in some form or another, or of encouraging them to high ideals and helping them to be manly and true-hearted.

DR. PENNELL'S CHARACTER

He taught science and English as well as Scripture in the school, and contrived also to superintend his hostels himself.

This he did, in addition to all the work that fell to his lot as head of the Mission and of the hospital and branches.

In March 1912 he died as a brave soldier at his post in the forefront of the battle.

The countryside was plunged in grief, but the mourning of the people was not without hope, for they realise that such as he cannot die—he lives in their hearts.

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